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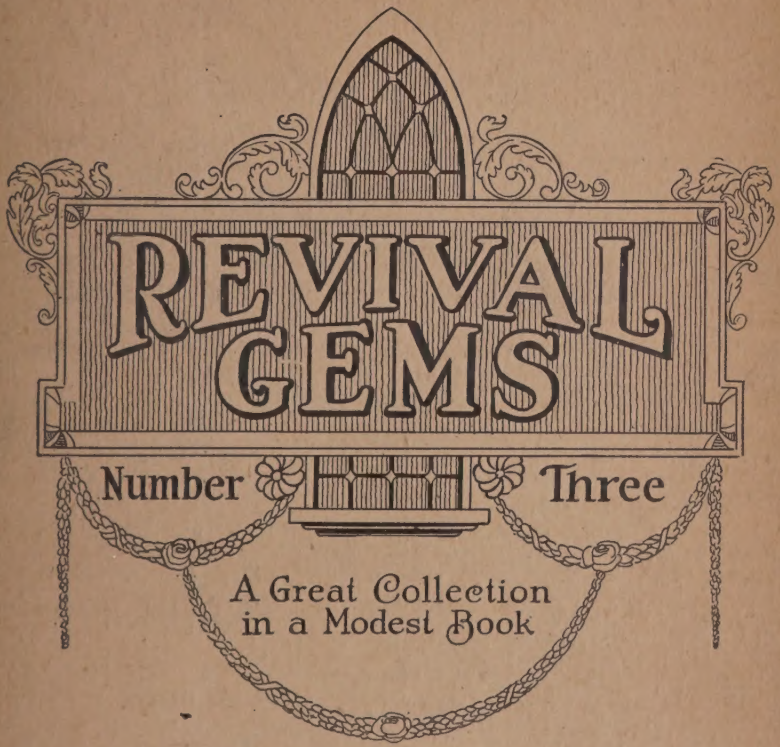

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3, 27, 10, 30, 1, 31, 18, 35, 21, 56, 23, 40, 50, 43, 53, 48, 62, 39, 42, 45, 70, 65, 61, 47, 44, 37, 34, 25, 16, 17, 14, 13, 5, 7, 20, 69, 54, 55, 51, 58.

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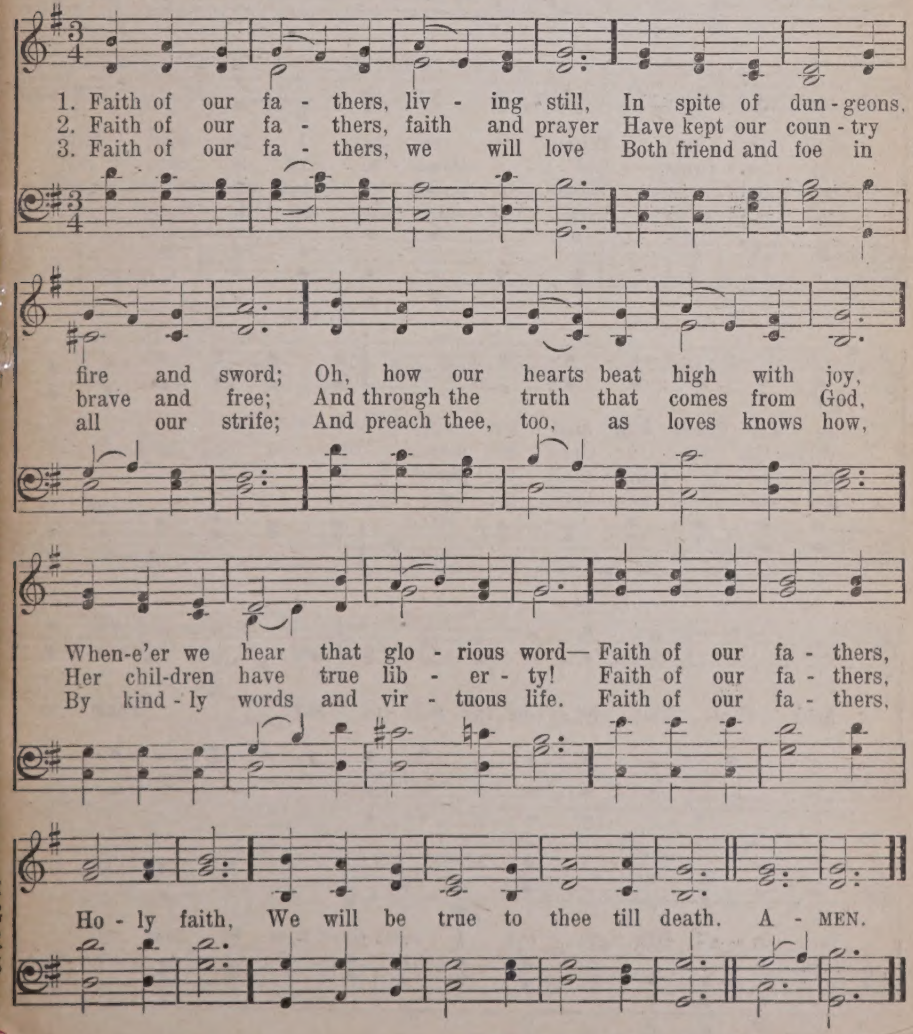
(Regular edition of "Revival Gems No. 3" does not contain this letter nor advertising lines on front cover but the hymns in the book are the same.)

REVIVAL GEMS
NUMBER THREE

1 Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still

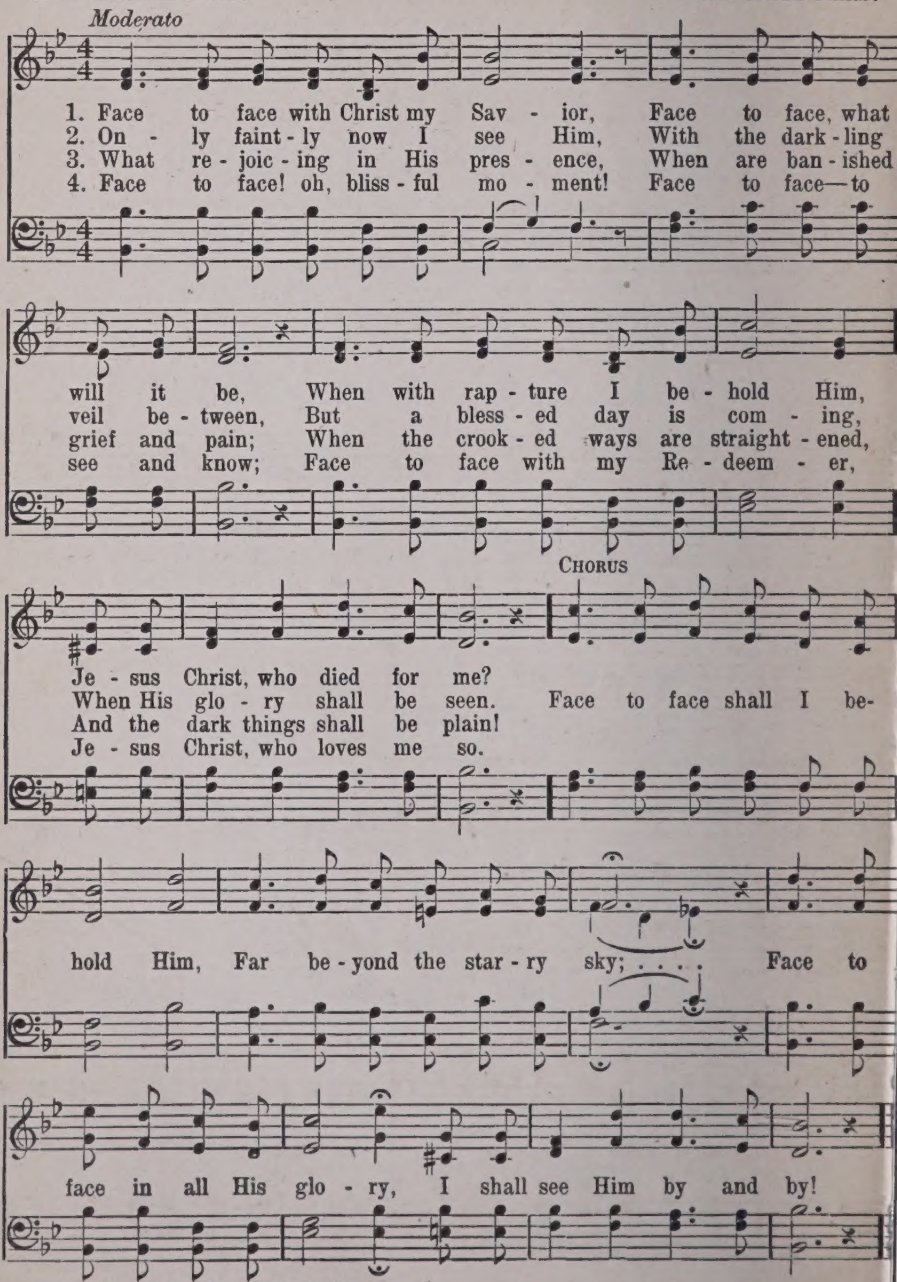
(ST. CATHERINE. L. M. 61.)

F. W. Faber, 1814–1863. H. F. Hemy, 1865.


1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still, In spite of dun - geons,
2. Faith of our fa - thers, faith and prayer Have kept our coun - try
3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in
fire and sword; Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy,
brave and free; And through the truth that comes from God,
all our strife; And preach thee, too, as loves knows how,
When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word— Faith of our fa - thers,
Her chil-dren have true lib - er - ty! Faith of our fa - thers,
By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life. Faith of our fa - thers,
Ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death. A - MEN.

Face to Face

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.

Moderato

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - ior, Face to face, what
2. On - ly faint - ly now I see Him, With the dark - ling
3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are ban - ished
4. Face to face! oh, bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face—to
will it be, When with rap - ture I be - hold Him,
veil be - tween, But a bless - ed day is com - ing,
grief and pain; When the crook - ed ways are straight - ened,
see and know; Face to face with my Re - deem - er,
CHORUS
Je - sus Christ, who died for me?
When His glo - ry shall be seen. Face to face shall I be-
And the dark things shall be plain!
Je - sus Christ, who loves me so.
hold Him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky; . . . . Face to
face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

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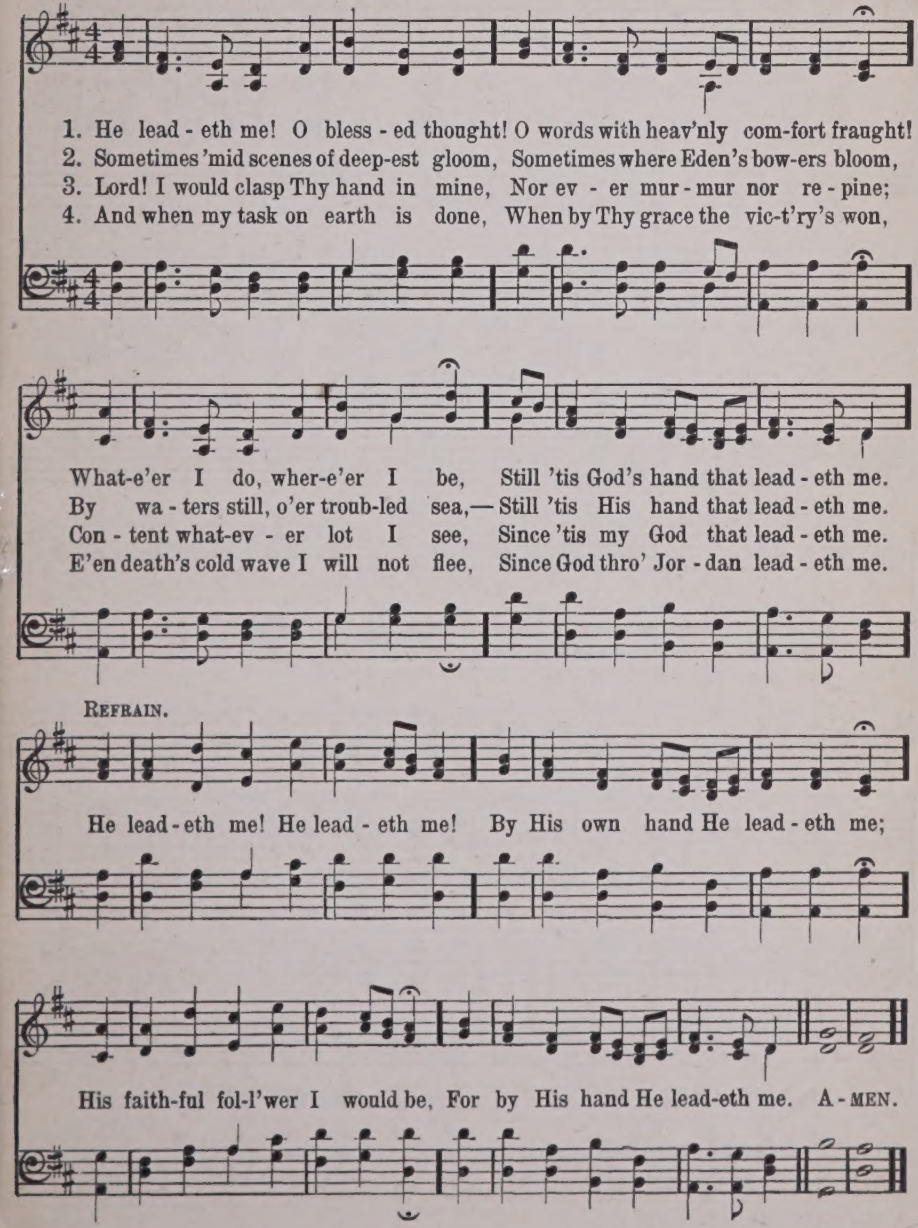
3 He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Thought!

(He Leadeth Me. L. M. D.)

J. H. Gilmore, 1861. W. B. Bradbury, 1816–1868.


1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord! I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea,— Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.
Refrain.
He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;
His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A - men.

His Matchless Love

R. H. Robert Harkness.

DUET.

1. How match-less the love of Je - - sus, Who paid sin's great price for me!
2. None oth - er could die for sin - ners Ex - cept God's be- lov - ed Son;
3. No mer - it that I could of - - fer Would sat - is - fy God's de - mand;
4. What more could such love have cost Him Than giv - ing Him- self to die?

On Cal - va-ry's cross He suf - fered, And
He met sin's deep need in an - guish, And
The strong matchless love of Je - sus A-
He of-fered Him-self a ran - som God's

CHORUS.

died there to set me free.
thus my re-demp - tion won.
lone for my guilt could stand.
pur - pose to sat - is - fy.

Oh, how matchless His love, Com-ing down from a - bove To die for a sin - ner like me! He bought my sal- va - tion on dark Cal - va - ry, How matchless His love for me!

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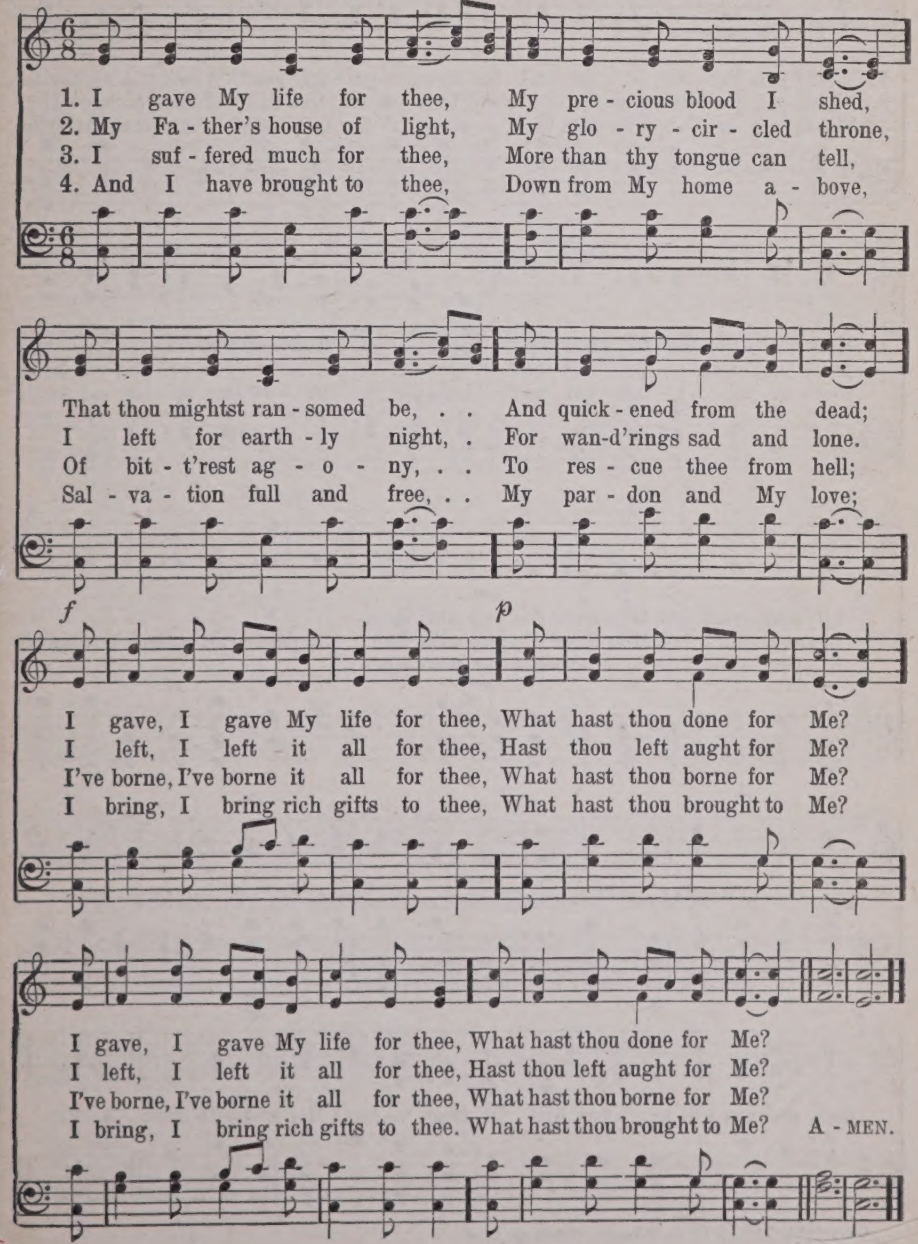
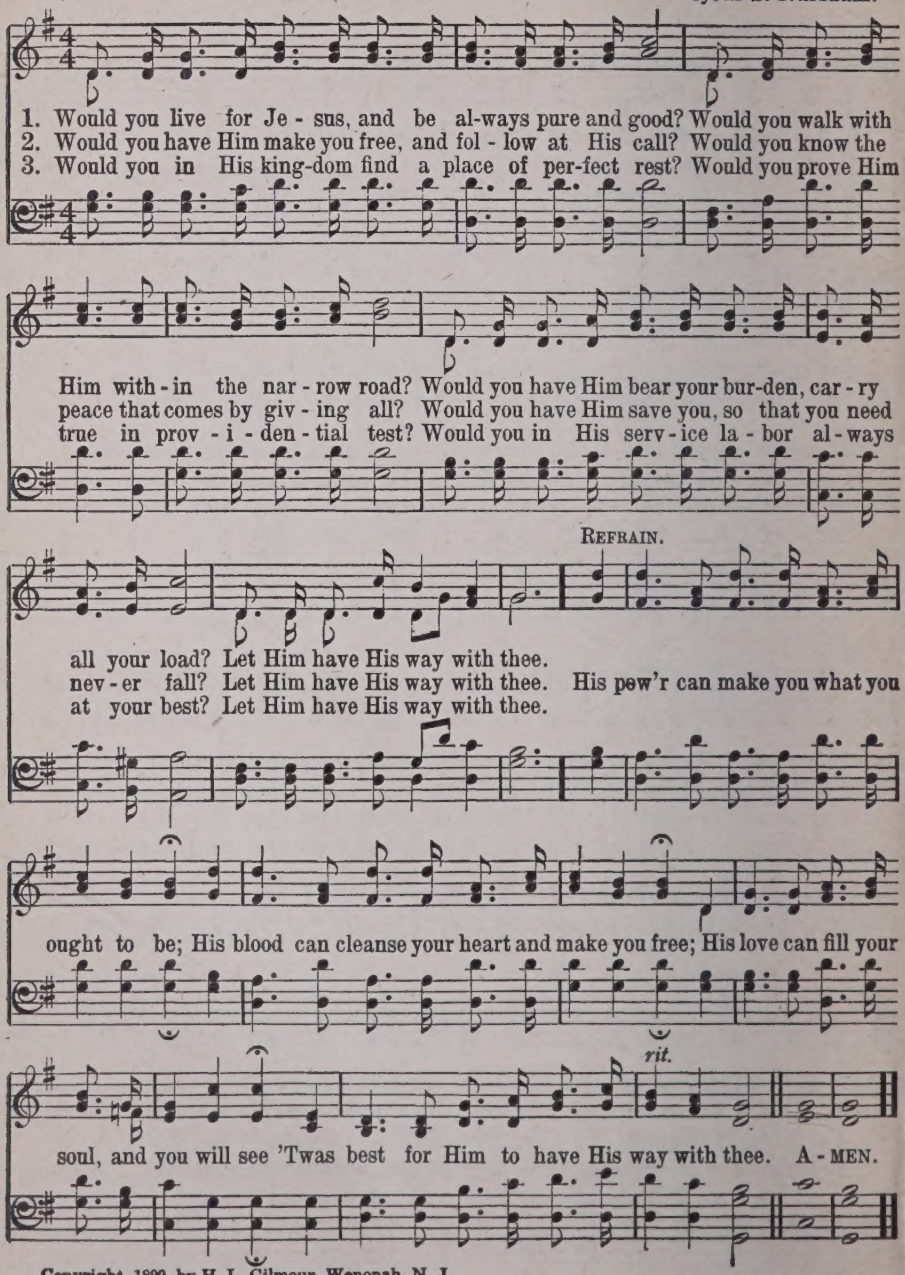
I Gave My Life For Thee

(WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME? 6s, 61.)

F. R. Havergal, 1836–1879. P. P. Bliss, 1838–1876.

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne,
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,
That thou mightst ran - somed be, . . And quick - ened from the dead;
I left for earth - ly night, . For wan-d'rings sad and lone.
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, . . To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, . . My par - don and My love;
f
p
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou done for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou done for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee. What hast thou brought to Me? A - MEN.

His Way With Thee

C. S. N. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.


1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol - low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of per-fect rest? Would you prove Him
Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur-den, car - ry
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need
true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al - ways
REFRAIN.
all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your
rit.
soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

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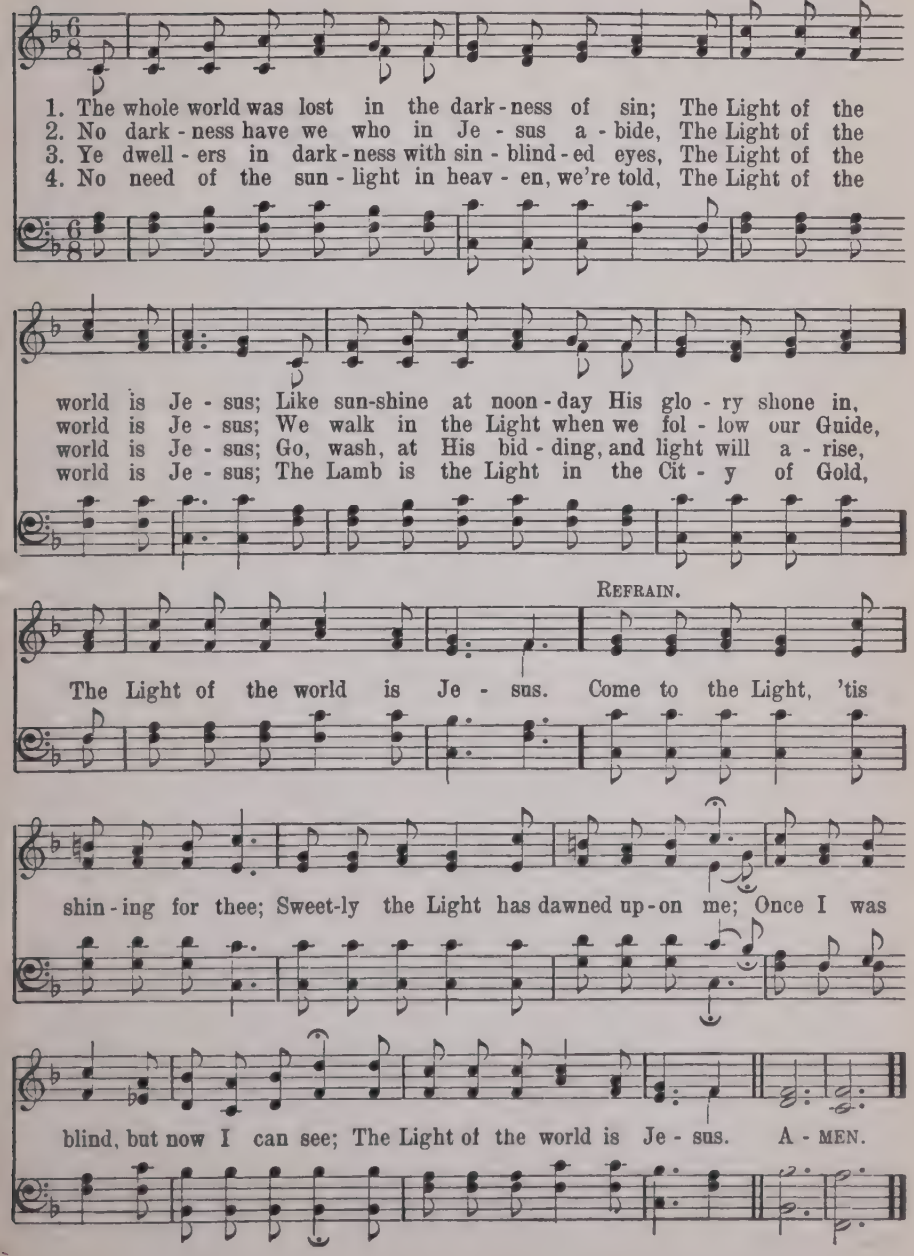
7 The Whole World Was Lost

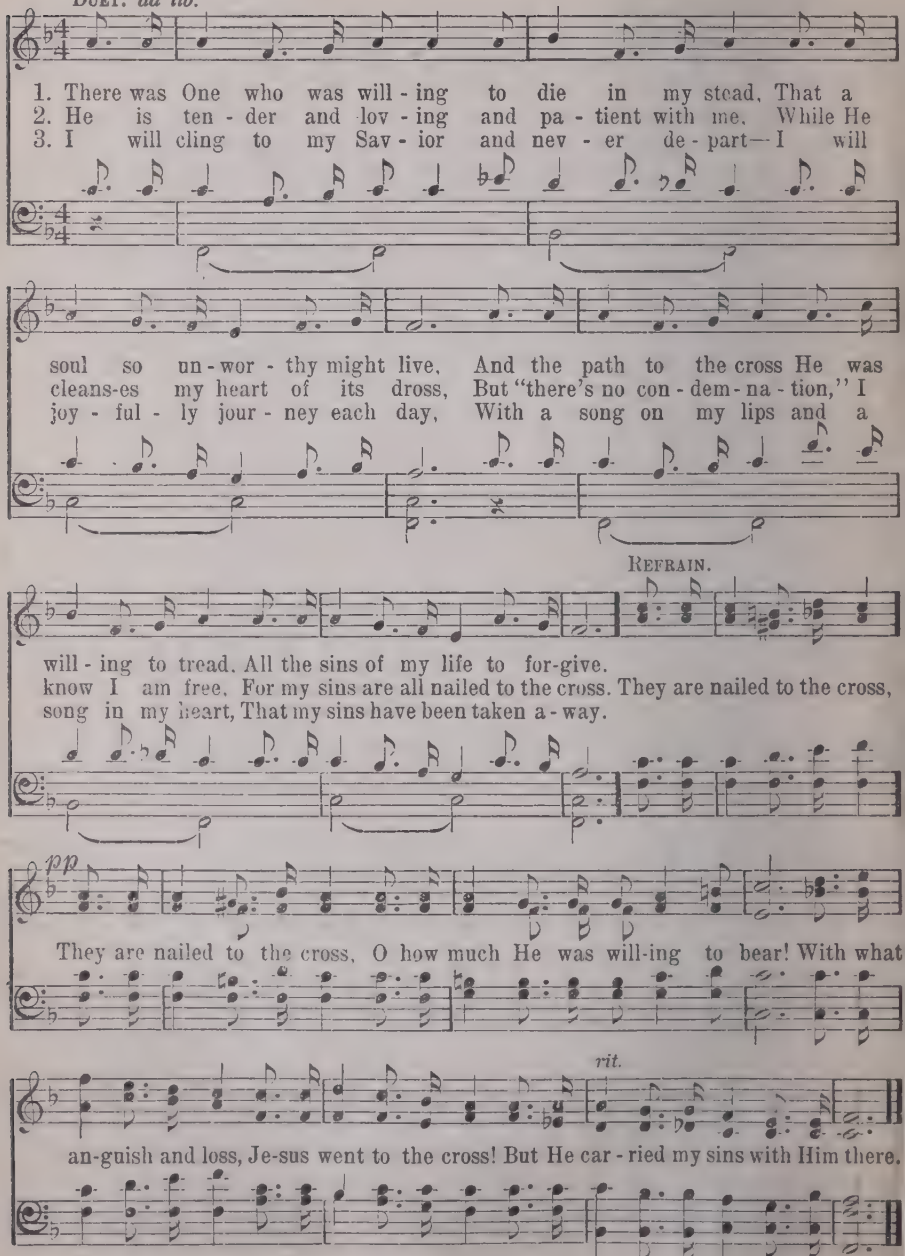
(THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS.)

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss, 1838–1876.

1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je-sus a-bide, The Light of the
3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness with sin-blind-ed eyes, The Light of the
4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The Light of the
world is Je-sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day His glo-ry shone in,
world is Je-sus; We walk in the Light when we fol-low our Guide,
world is Je-sus; Go, wash, at His bid-ding, and light will a-rise,
world is Je-sus; The Lamb is the Light in the Cit-y of Gold,
REFRAIN.
The Light of the world is Je-sus. Come to the Light, 'tis
shin-ing for thee; Sweet-ly the Light has dawned up-on me; Once I was
blind, but now I can see; The Light of the world is Je-sus. A-MEN.

Nailed to the Cross

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.

DUET. *ad lib.*


1. There was One who was will - ing to die in my stead, That a
2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While He
3. I will cling to my Sav - ior and nev - er de - part— I will
soul so un - wor - thy might live, And the path to the cross He was
cleans-es my heart of its dross, But "there's no con - dem - na - tion," I
joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a
REFRAIN.
will - ing to tread. All the sins of my life to for-give.
know I am free. For my sins are all nailed to the cross. They are nailed to the cross,
song in my heart, That my sins have been taken a - way.
pp
They are nailed to the cross, O how much He was will-ing to bear! With what
rit.
an-guish and loss, Je-sus went to the cross! But He car - ried my sins with Him there.

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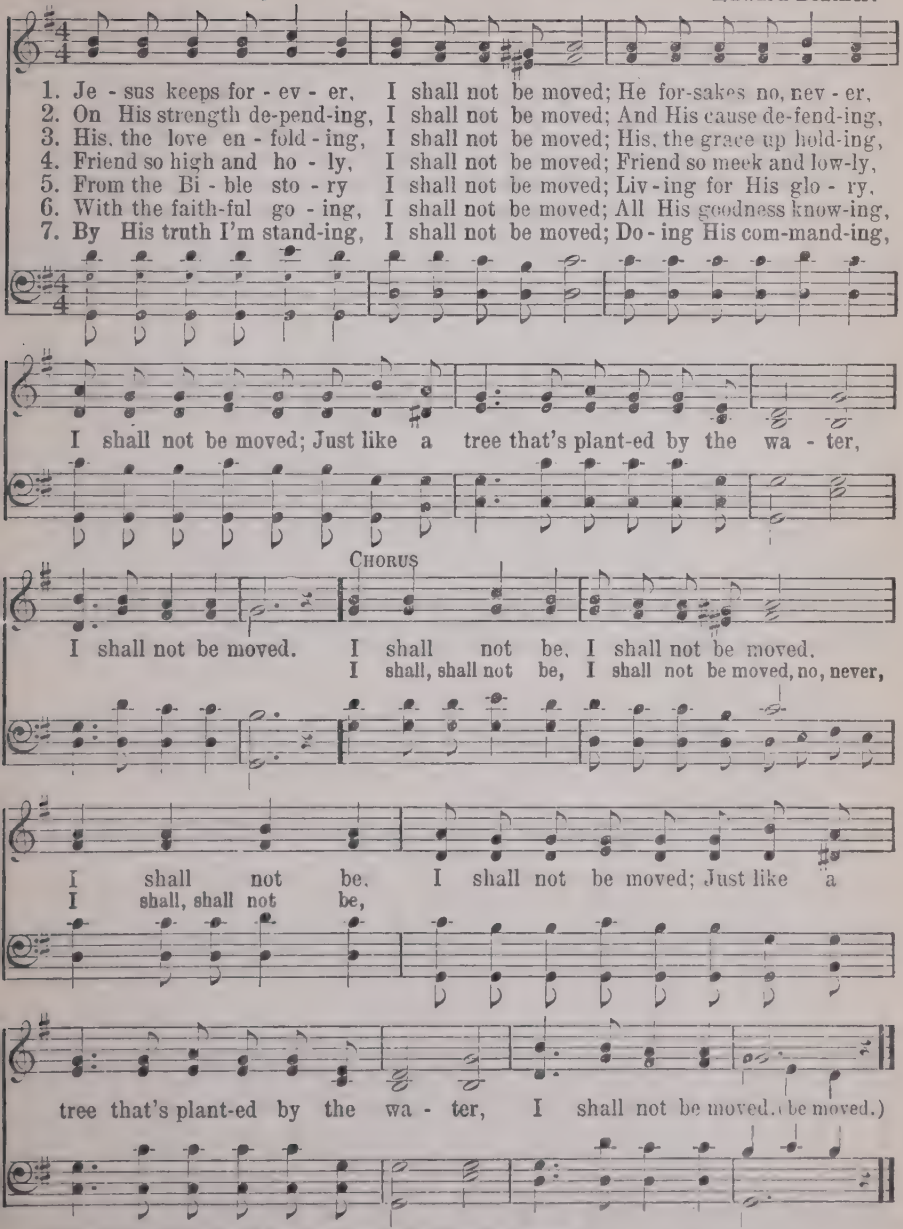
I Shall Not Be Moved

E. B. Edward Boatner.


1. Je - sus keeps for - ev - er, I shall not be moved; He for-sakes no, nev - er,
2. On His strength de-pend-ing, I shall not be moved; And His cause de-fend-ing,
3. His, the love en - fold - ing, I shall not be moved; His, the grace up hold-ing,
4. Friend so high and ho - ly, I shall not be moved; Friend so meek and low-ly,
5. From the Bi - ble sto - ry I shall not be moved; Liv - ing for His glo - ry,
6. With the faith-ful go - ing, I shall not be moved; All His goodness know-ing,
7. By His truth I'm stand-ing, I shall not be moved; Do - ing His com-mand-ing,
I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's plant-ed by the wa - ter,
Chorus
I shall not be moved. I shall not be, I shall not be moved.
I shall, shall not be, I shall not be moved, no, never,
I shall not be. I shall not be moved; Just like a
I shall, shall not be,
tree that's plant-ed by the wa - ter, I shall not be moved. (be moved.)

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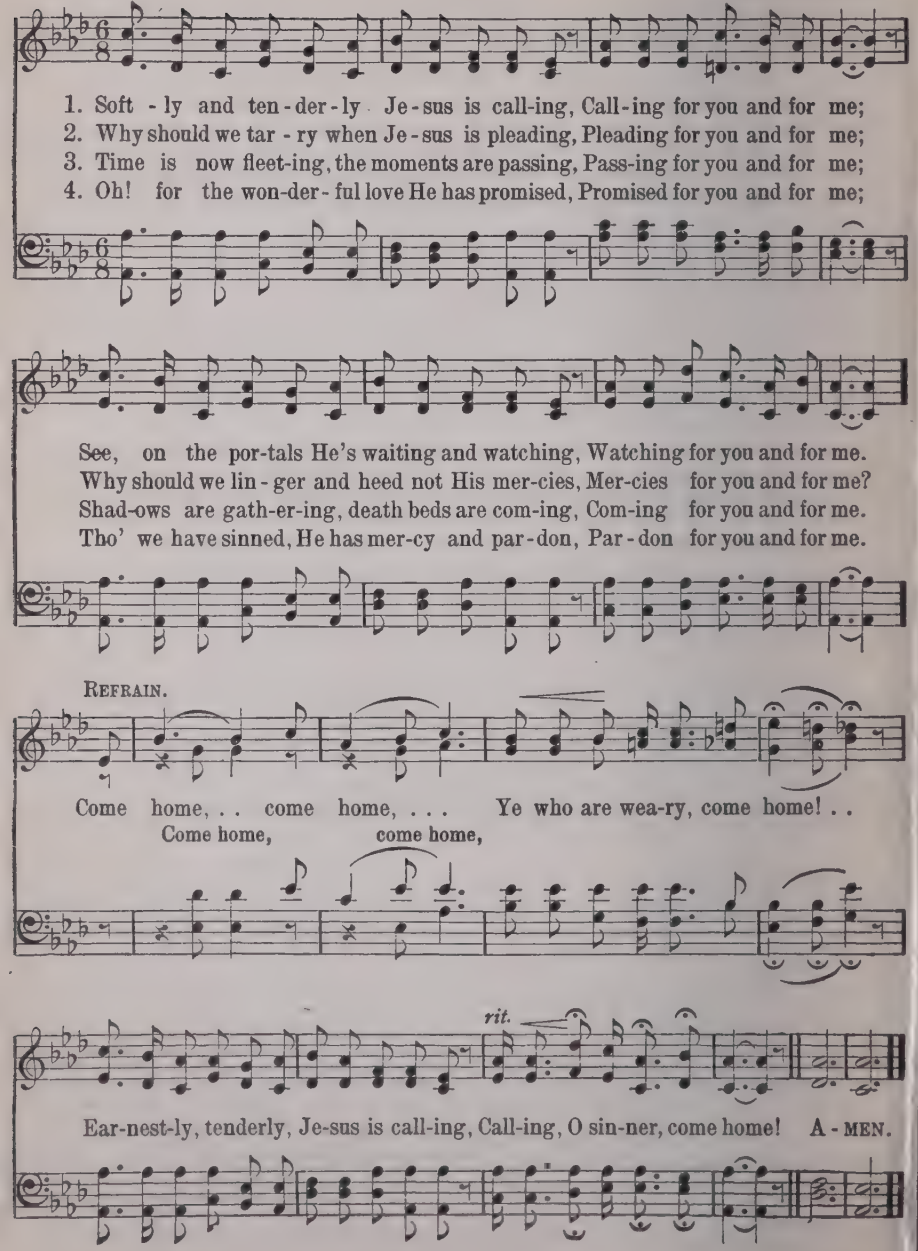
The above song is recorded on Victor phonograph Record, No. 20,183.
Sold by all dealers.

10 Softly and Tenderly

W. L. T. (11s, 7s.) Will L. Thompson.


1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me;
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are passing, Pass-ing for you and for me;
4. Oh! for the won-der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
See, on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shad-ows are gath-er-ing, death beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par - don for you and for me.
REFRAIN.
Come home, . . come home, . . . Ye who are wea-ry, come home! . .
Come home, come home,
rit.
Ear-nest-ly, tenderly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home! A - MEN.

11 Living For Jesus

T. O. Chisholm. C. Harold Lowden.

Not fast

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in all that I do,
2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my sin and dis-grace,
3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-ty in His ho-ly Name,
4. Liv-ing for Jesus thro' earth's little while, My dear-est treasure, the light of His smile,

Yield-ing allegiance, glad-hearted and free, This is the pathway of bless-ing for me.
Such love constrains me to answer His call, Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all.
Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion or loss, Deeming each tri-al a part of my cross.
Seek-ing the lost ones He died to re-deem, Bringing the wea-ry to find rest in Him.

*CHORUS. UNISON. *A little slower.*

O Je-sus, Lord and Sav-ior, I give my-self to Thee; For Thou, in Thy a-

tone-ment, Didst give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My

heart shall be Thy throne. My life I give, henceforth to live. O Christ, for Thee a-lone.

rit.

*Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the middle notes.

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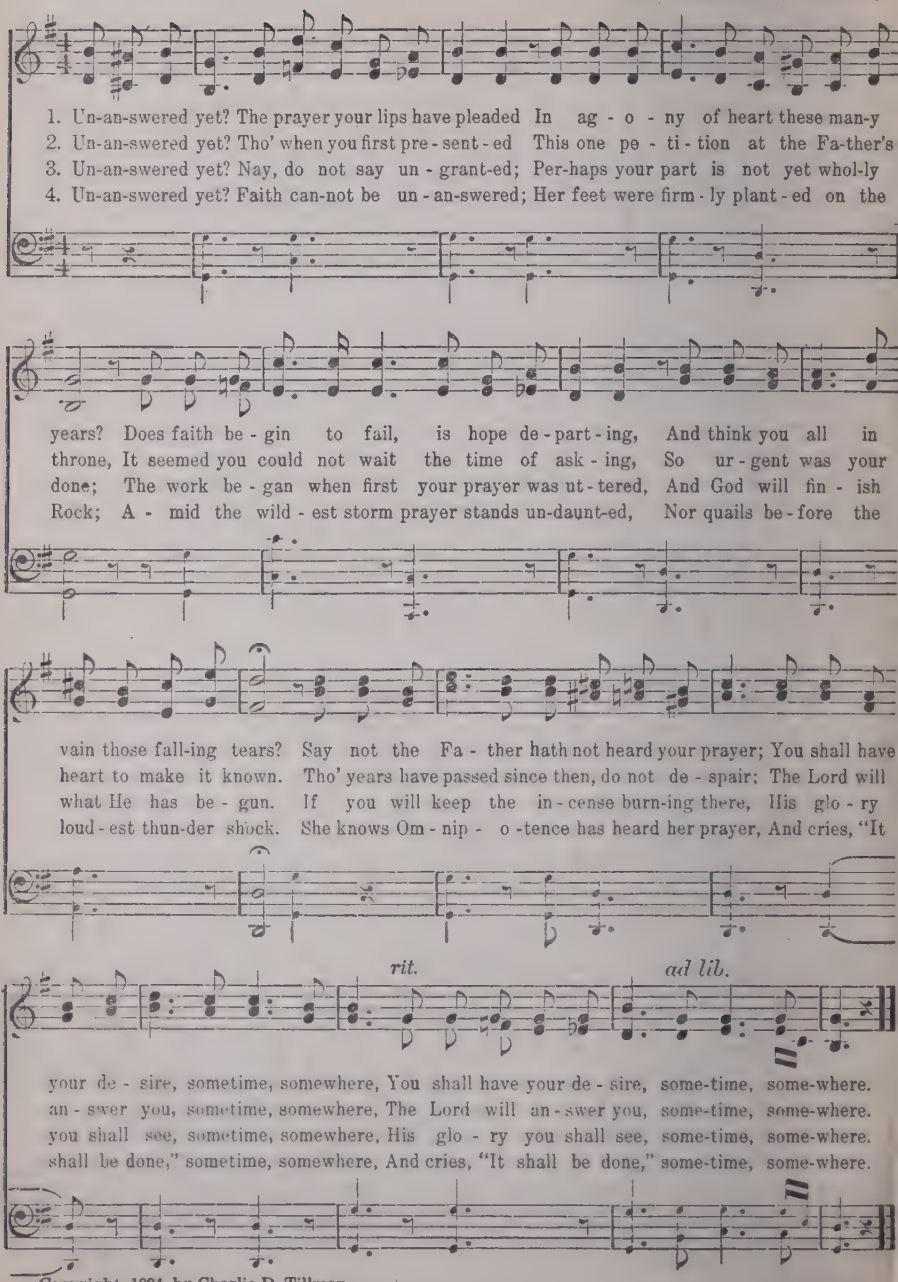
Unanswered Yet

Rev. Charlie D. Tillman.


1. Un-an-swered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag - o - ny of heart these man-y years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de - part - ing, And think you all in
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe - ti - tion at the Fa-ther's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing, So ur - gent was your
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant-ed; Per-haps your part is not yet whol-ly done; The work be - gan when first your prayer was ut - tered, And God will fin - ish
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un - an-swered; Her feet were firm - ly plant - ed on the Rock; A - mid the wild - est storm prayer stands un-daunt-ed, Nor quails be - fore the
vain those fall-ing tears? Say not the Fa - ther hath not heard your prayer; You shall have
heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not de - spair; The Lord will
what He has be - gun. If you will keep the in - cense burn-ing there, His glo - ry
loud - est thun-der shock. She knows Om - nip - o -tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It
rit.
ad lib.
your de - sire, sometime, somewhere, You shall have your de - sire, some-time, some-where.
an - swer you, sometime, somewhere, The Lord will an - swer you, some-time, some-where.
you shall see, sometime, somewhere, His glo - ry you shall see, some-time, some-where.
shall be done," sometime, somewhere, And cries, "It shall be done," some-time, some-where.

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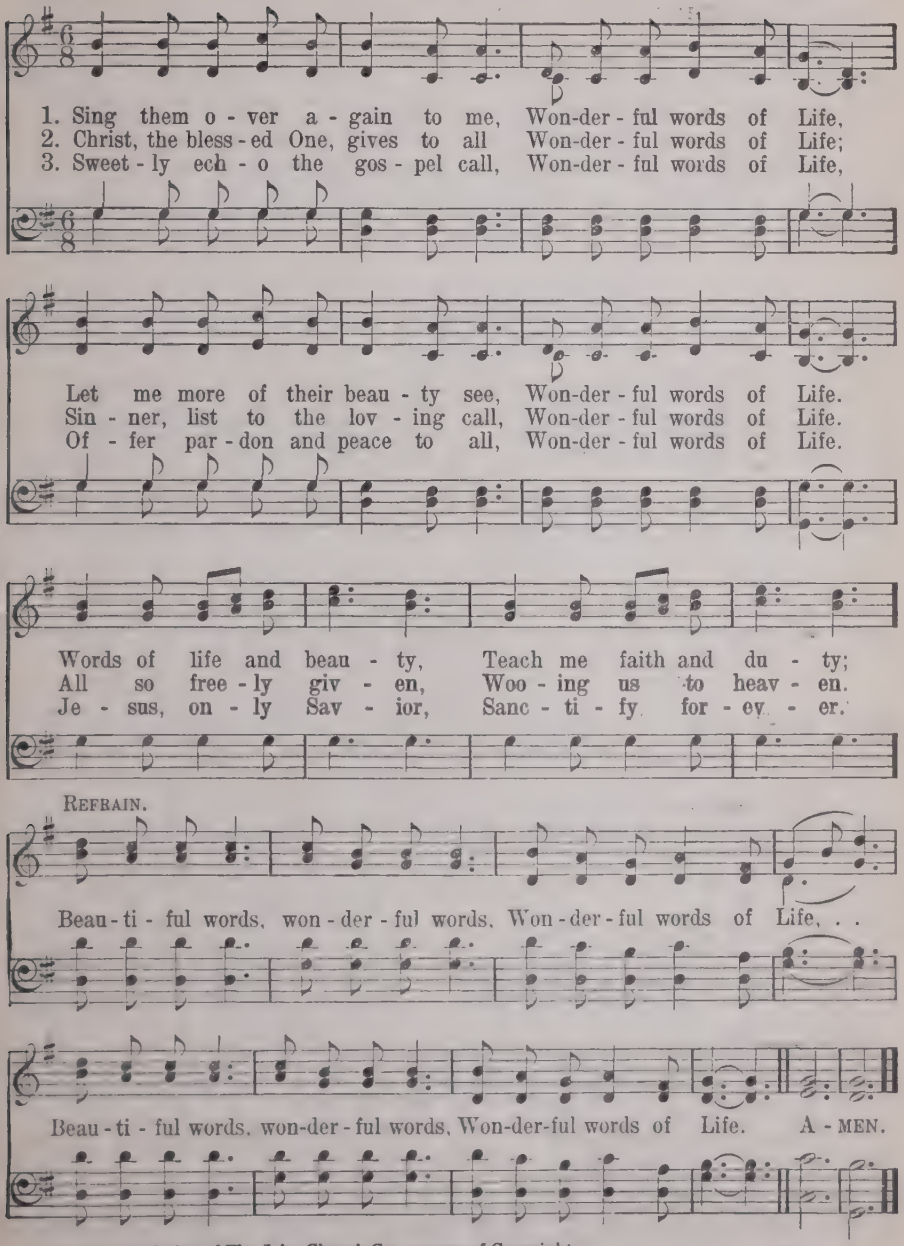
13 Wonderful Words of Life

P. P. B. (8s, 6s.) P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der - ful words of Life,
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won-der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der - ful words of Life,
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won-der - ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.
REFRAIN.
Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life, . .
Beau - ti - ful words, won-der - ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life. A - MEN.

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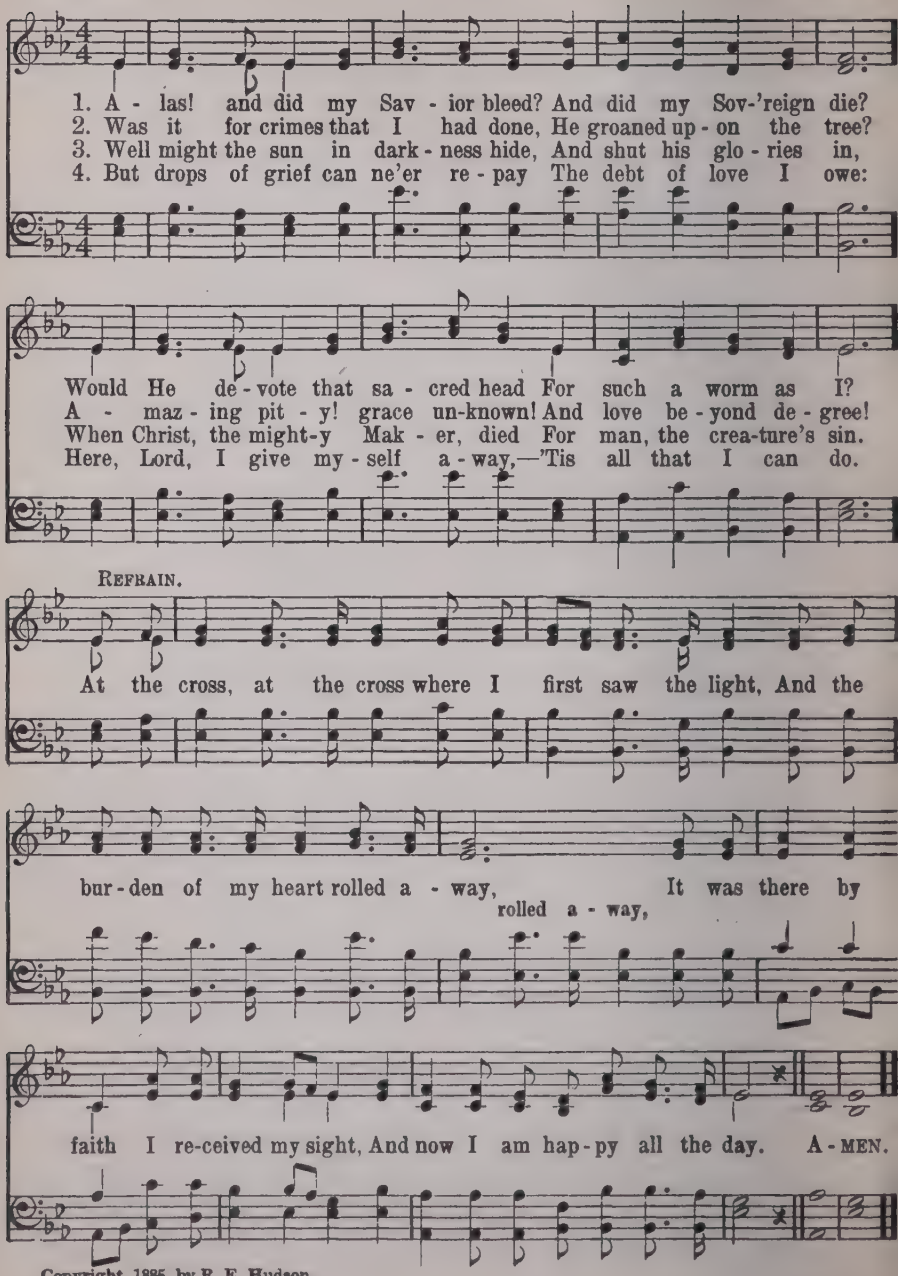
At the Cross

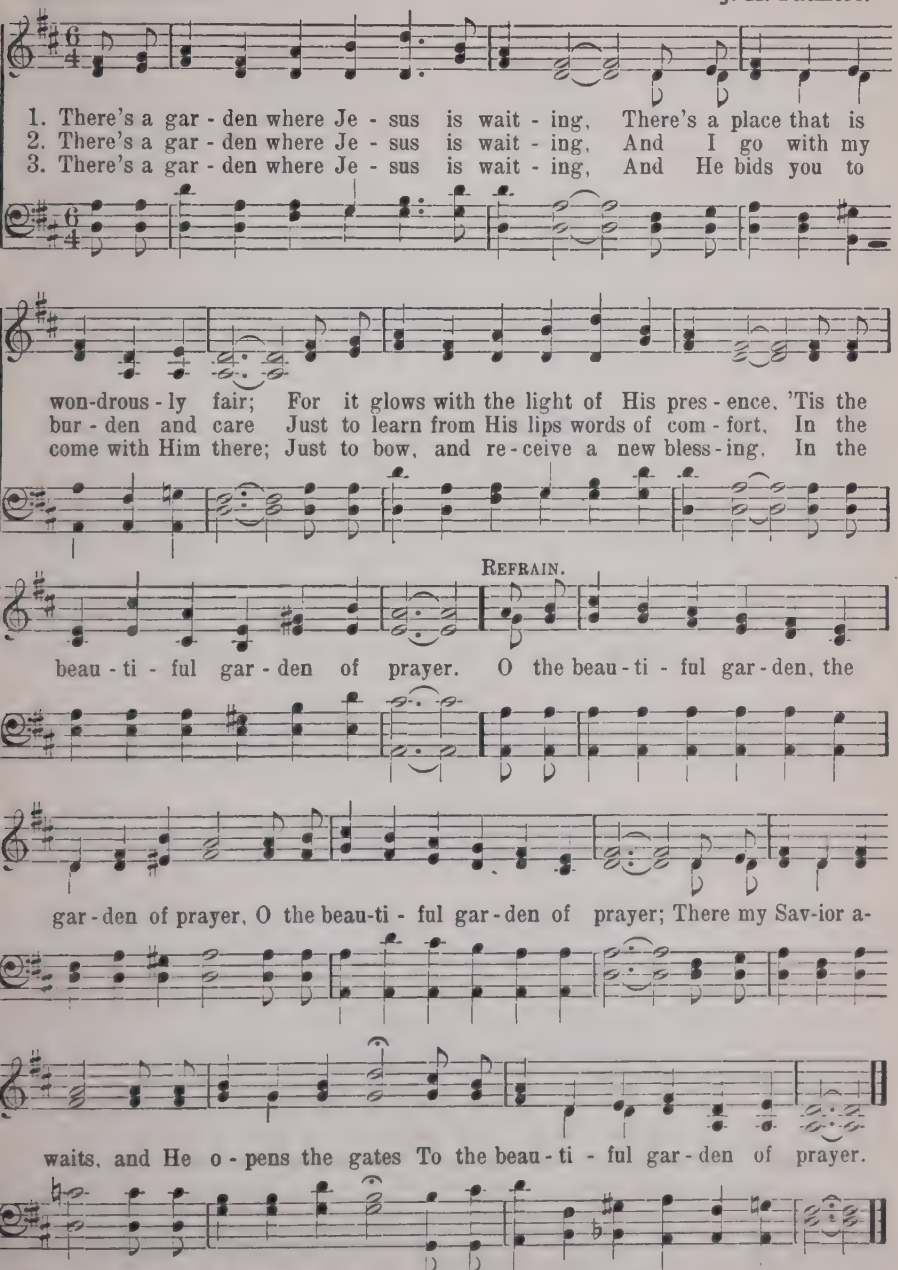
Isaac Watts. R. E. Hudson.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.
REFRAIN.
At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the
bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by
rolled a - way,
faith I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

15 The Beautiful Garden of Prayer

Eleanor Allen Schroll. J. H. Fillmore.


1. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, There's a place that is won-drous - ly fair; For it glows with the light of His pres - ence, 'Tis the
2. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, And I go with my bur - den and care Just to learn from His lips words of com - fort, In the
3. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, And He bids you to come with Him there; Just to bow, and re - ceive a new bless - ing, In the
REFRAIN.
beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer. O the beau - ti - ful gar - den, the
gar - den of prayer, O the beau-ti - ful gar - den of prayer; There my Sav-ior a-
waits, and He o - pens the gates To the beau - ti - ful gar - den of prayer.

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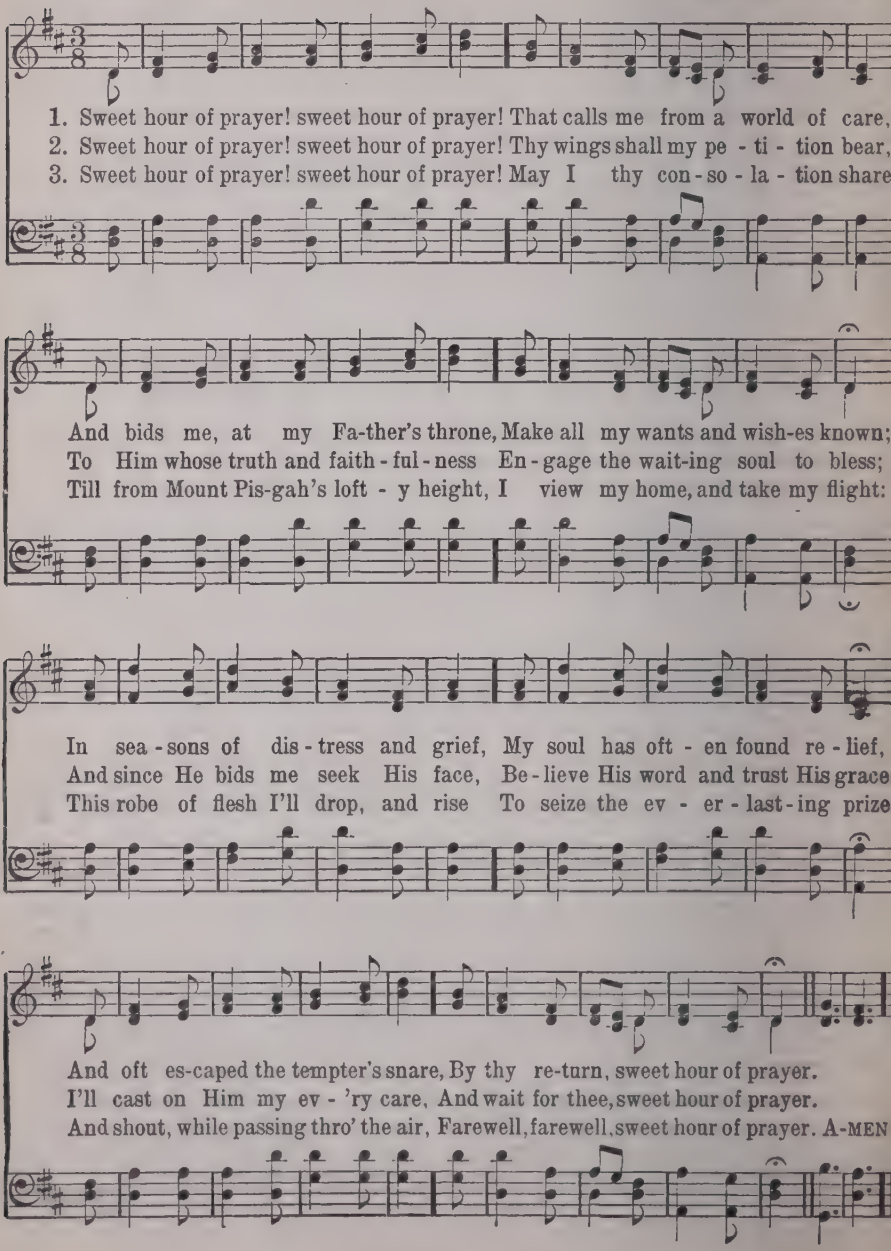
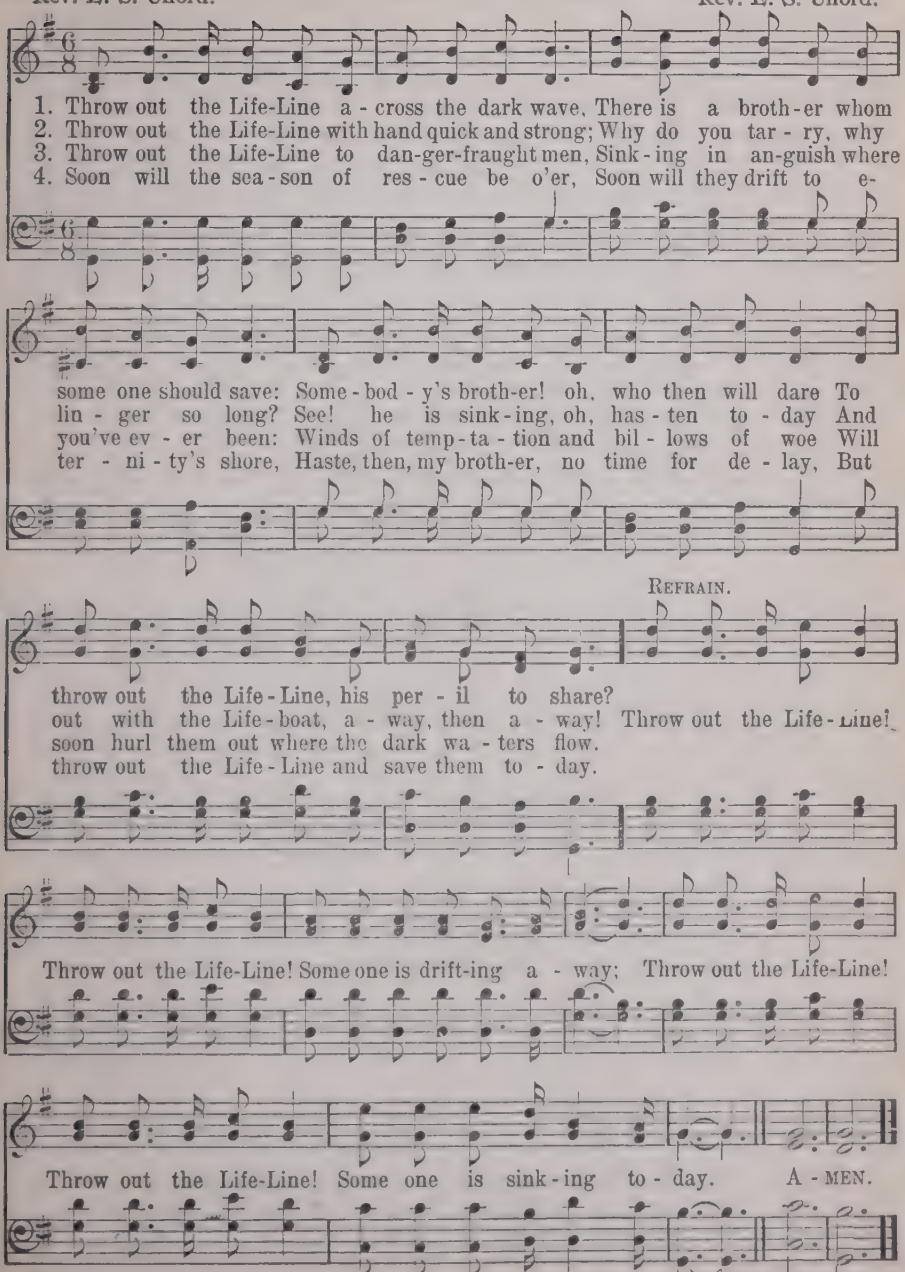
Sweet Hour of Prayer!

(SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.)

W. W. Walford, 1846. W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1863.

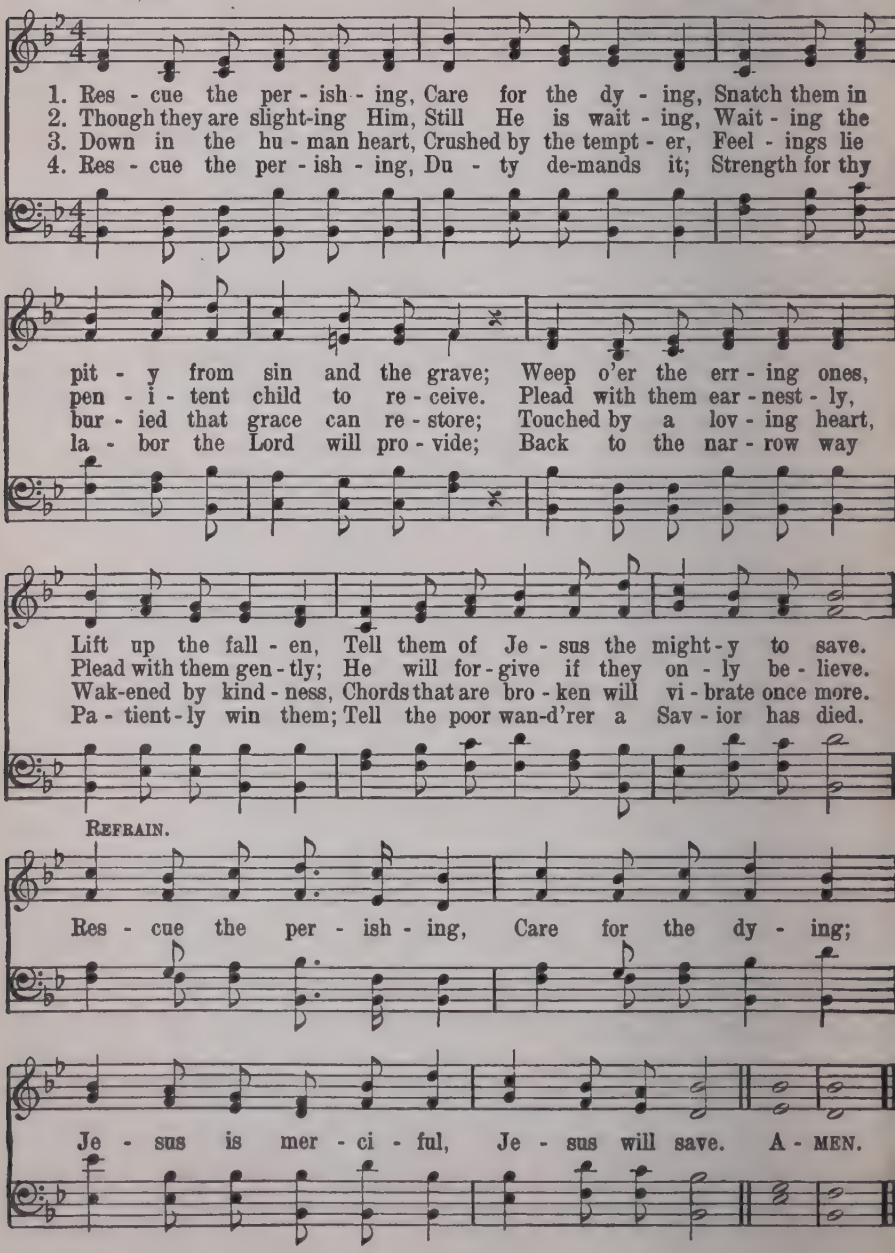

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till from Mount Pis-gah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize
And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. A-MEN

Throw Out the Life-Line

Rev. E. S. Ufford. Rev. E. S. Ufford.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth - er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink - ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-
some one should save: Some - bod - y's broth-er! oh, who then will dare To
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing, oh, has - ten to - day And
you've ev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But
Refrain.
throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
out with the Life-boat, a - way, then a - way! Throw out the Life-Line!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.
Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the Life-Line!
Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink - ing to - day. A - MEN.

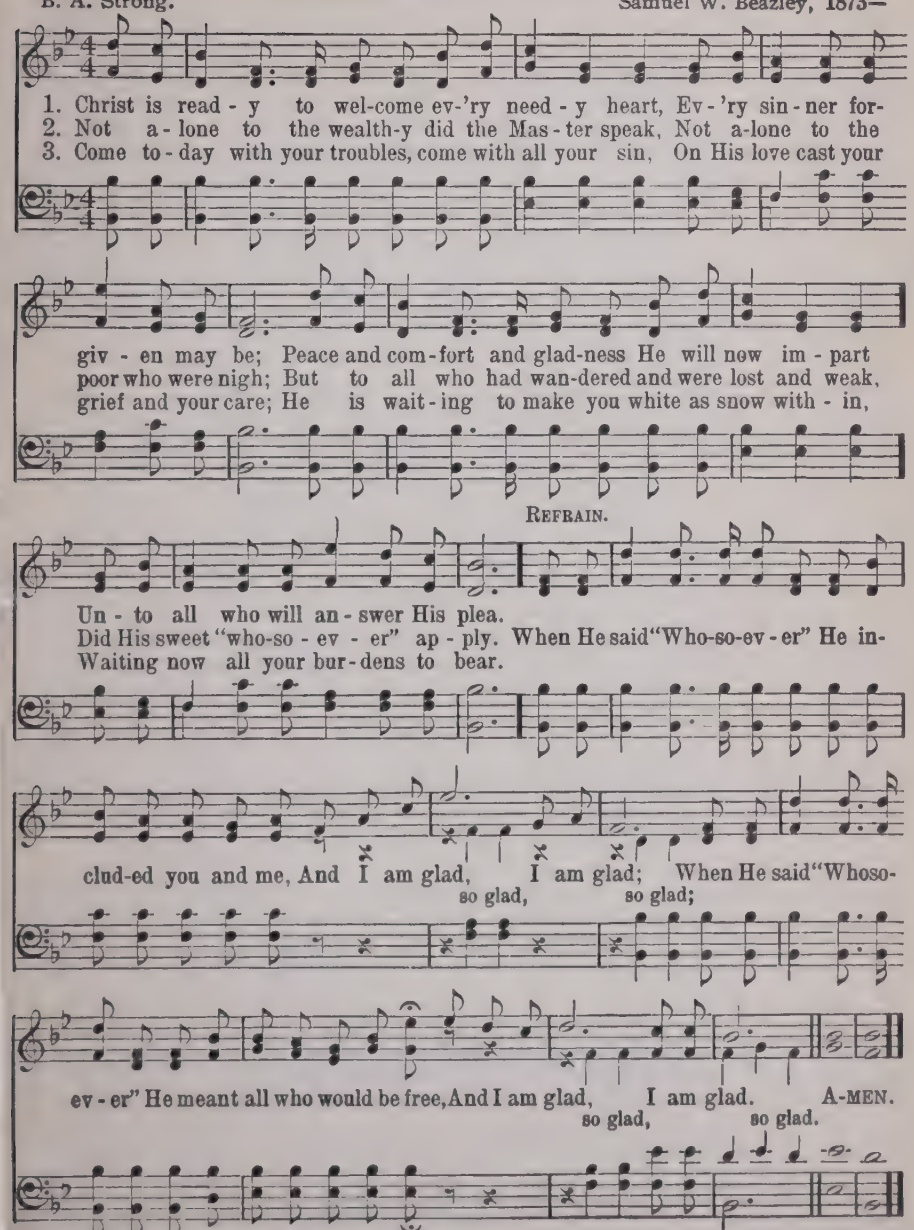
Rescue the Perishing

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

Fanny J. Crosby. (P. M.) W. H. Doane. By per.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in
2. Though they are slight-ing Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the
3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy
pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing ones,
pen - i - tent child to re - ceive. Plead with them ear - nest - ly,
bur - ied that grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart,
la - bor the Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way
Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
Plead with them gen - tly; He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
Wak-ened by kind - ness, Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Pa - tient - ly win them; Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.
REFRAIN.
Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing;
Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A - MEN.

Christ Is Ready To Welcome

(He Included You and Me. 12, 9.)

B. A. Strong. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. Christ is read - y to wel-come ev-'ry need - y heart, Ev - 'ry sin - ner for-
2. Not a - lone to the wealth-y did the Mas - ter speak, Not a-lone to the
3. Come to - day with your troubles, come with all your sin, On His love cast your
giv - en may be; Peace and com-fort and glad-ness He will now im - part
poor who were nigh; But to all who had wan-dered and were lost and weak,
grief and your care; He is wait - ing to make you white as snow with - in,
Refrain.
Un - to all who will an - swer His plea.
Did His sweet "who-so - ev - er" ap - ply. When He said "Who-so-ev - er" He in-
Waiting now all your bur - dens to bear.
clud-ed you and me, And I am glad, I am glad; When He said "Whoso-
so glad, so glad;
ev - er" He meant all who would be free, And I am glad, I am glad. A-men.
so glad, so glad.

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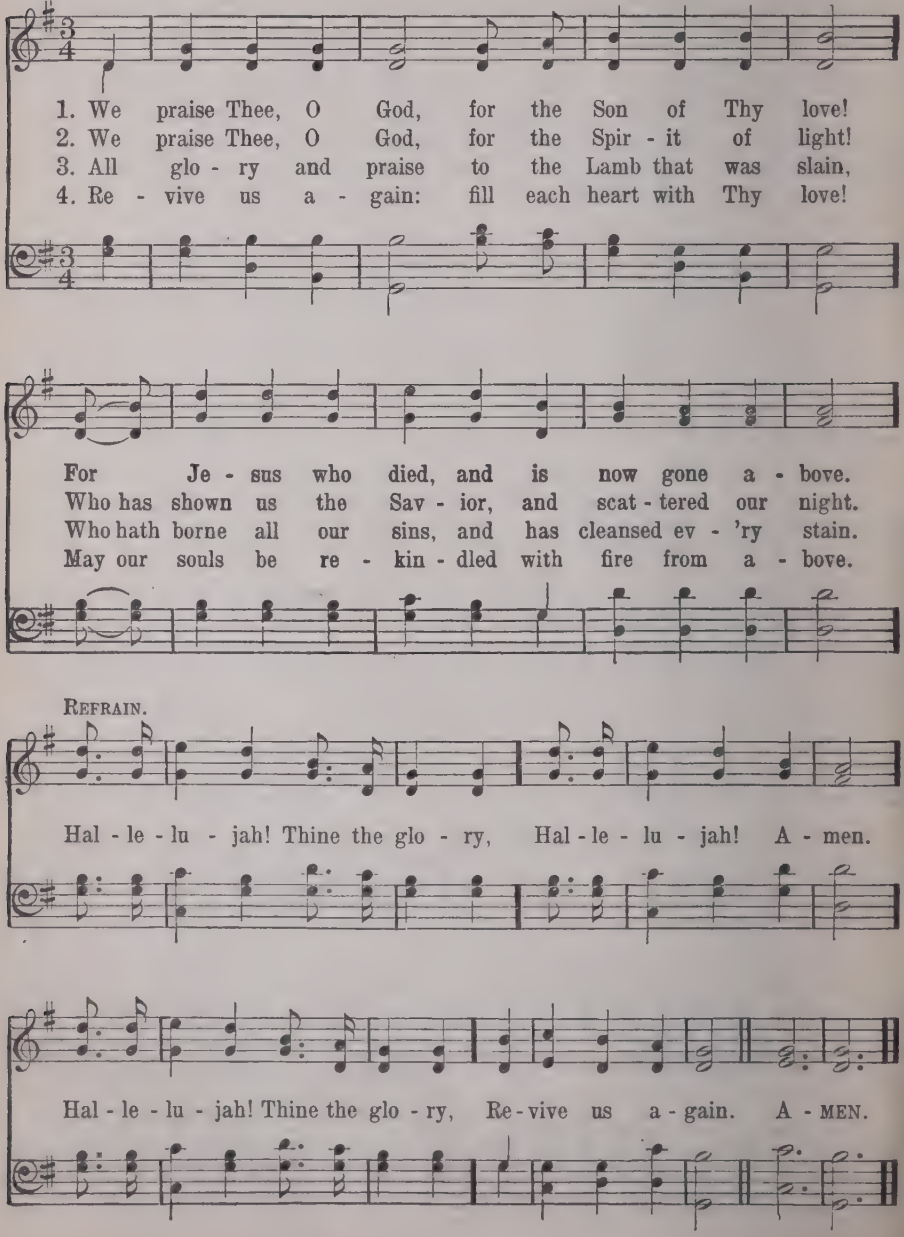
We Praise Thee, O God

(REVIVE US AGAIN. 11s, 12s.)

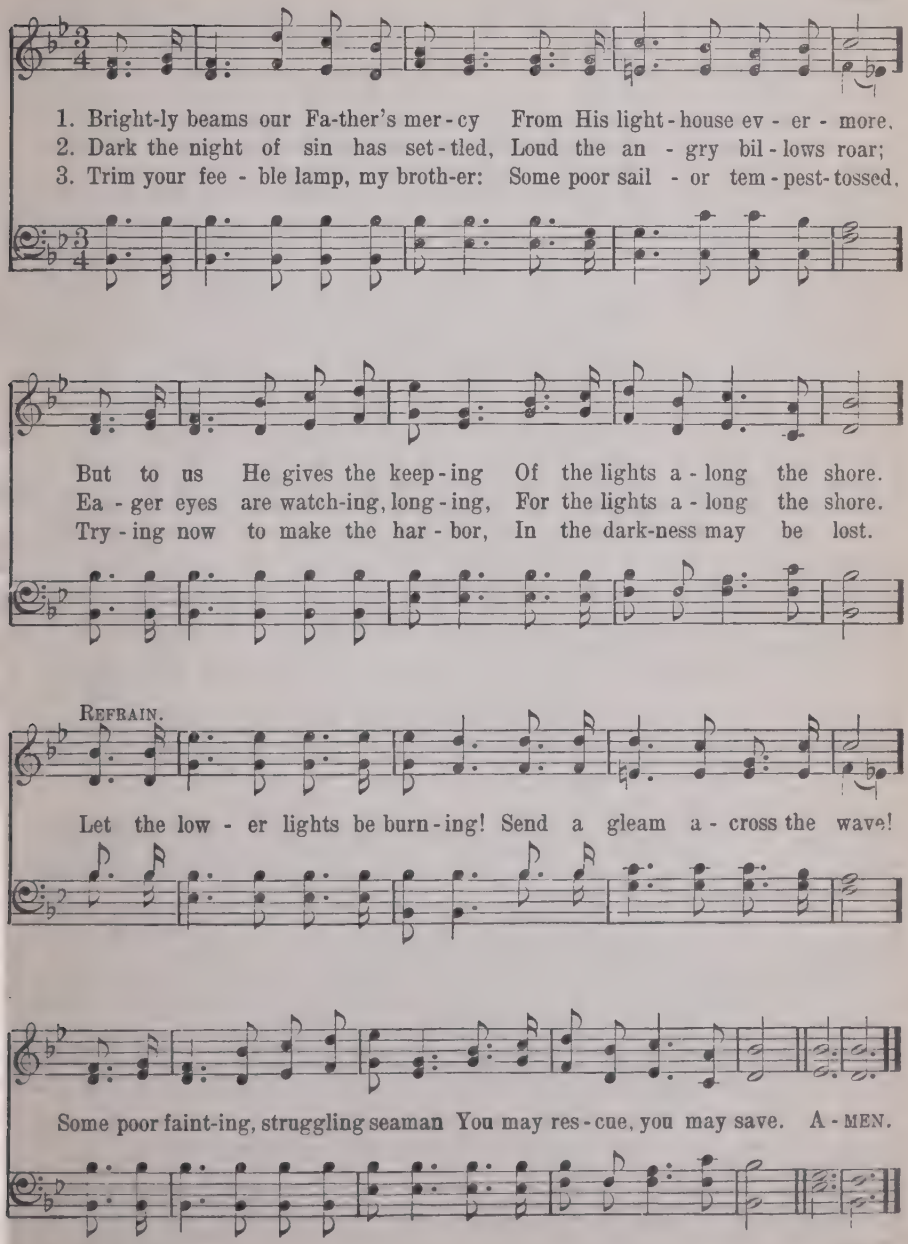
W. P. Mackay, 1863. J. J. Husband, 1798—


1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love!
2. We praise Thee, O God, for the Spir - it of light!
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
4. Re - vive us a - gain: fill each heart with Thy love!
For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us the Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night.
Who hath borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
May our souls be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.
REFRAIN.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain. A - MEN.

21 Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy

(Let the Lower Lights be Burning.)

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest-tossed,
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
Refrain.
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!
Some poor faint-ing, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save. A-men.

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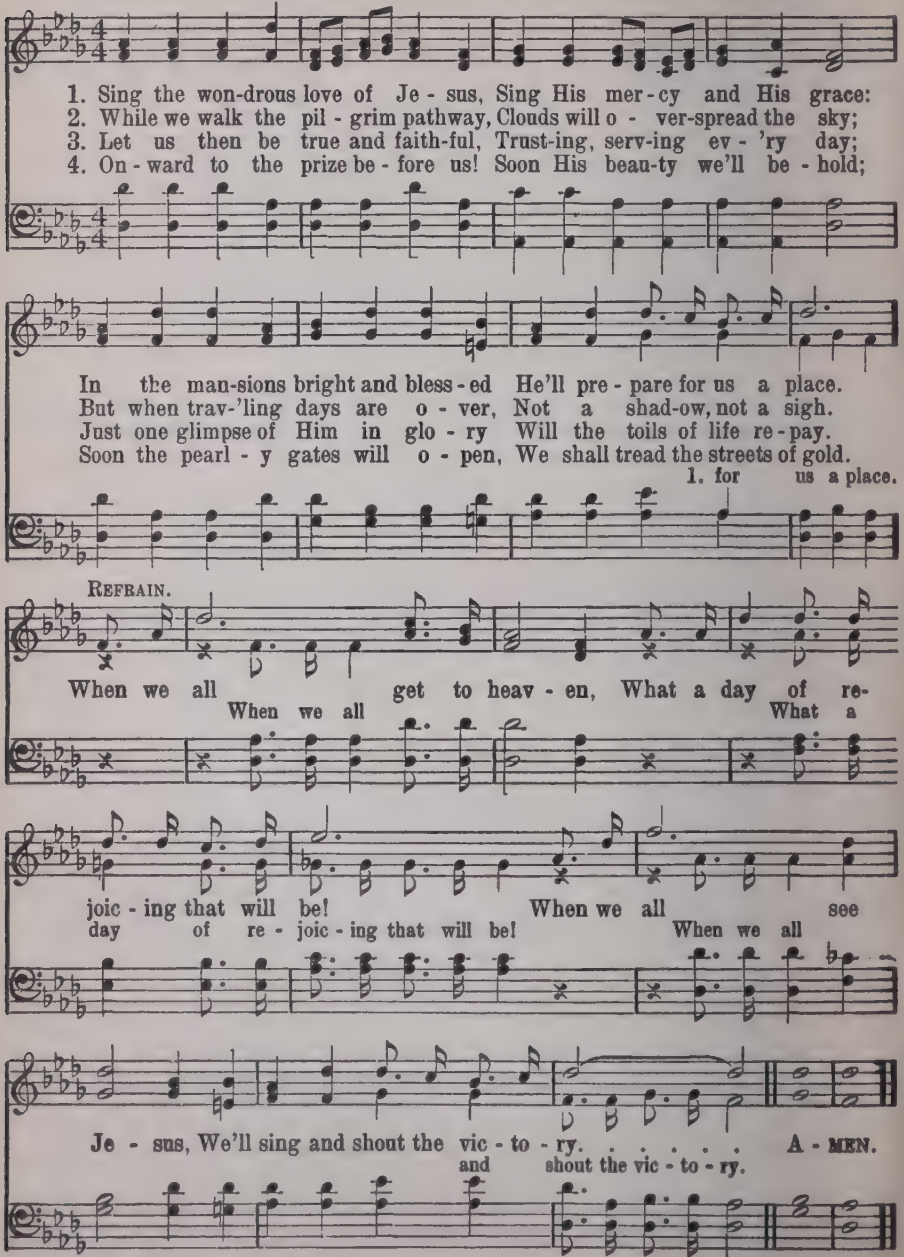
22 Sing the Wondrous Love of Jesus

E. E. Hewitt. (When We All Get to Heaven.) Mrs. J. G. Wilson.


1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer-cy and His grace:
2. While we walk the pil - grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be - hold;
In the man-sions bright and bless - ed He'll pre - pare for us a place.
But when trav-'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
1. for us a place.
Refrain.
When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all
What a
joic - ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all
Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry. . . . . A - men.
and shout the vic - to - ry.

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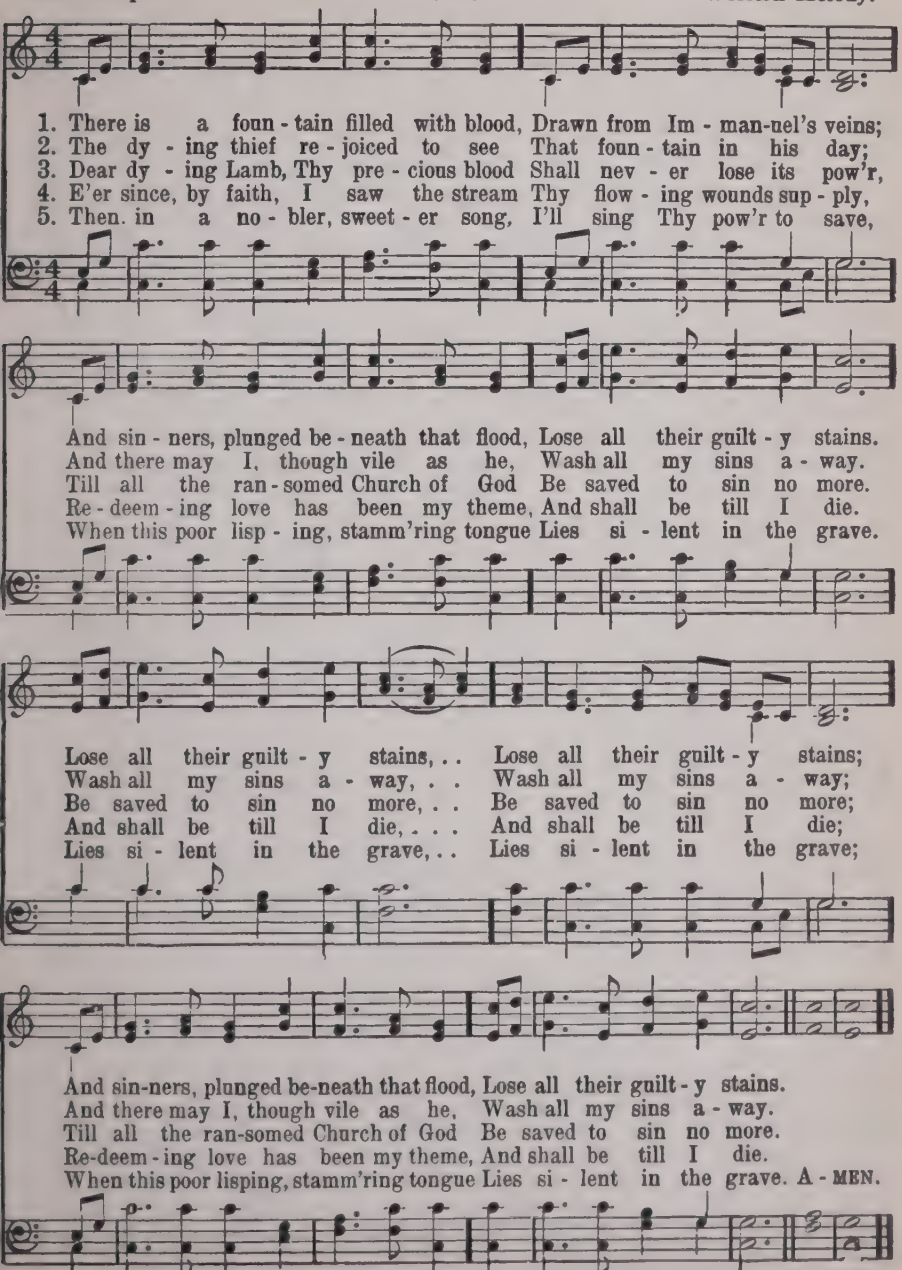
23 There is a Fountain Filled With Blood

Wm. Cowper. C. M. Western Melody.

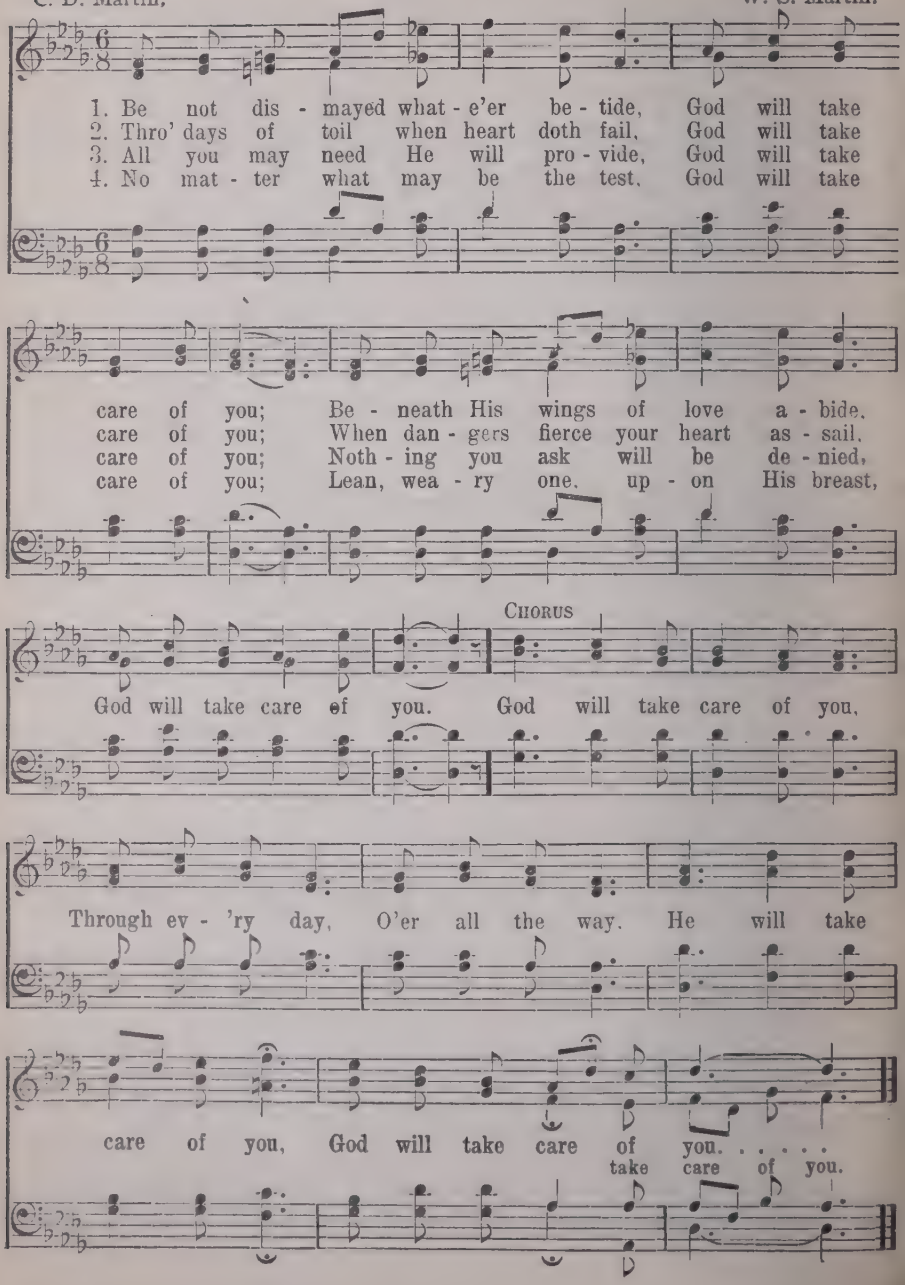

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then. in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran - somed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, . . Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, . . Wash all my sins a - way;
Be saved to sin no more, . . . Be saved to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, . . . And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave, . . Lies si - lent in the grave;
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Re-deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave. A - MEN.

God Will Take Care of You

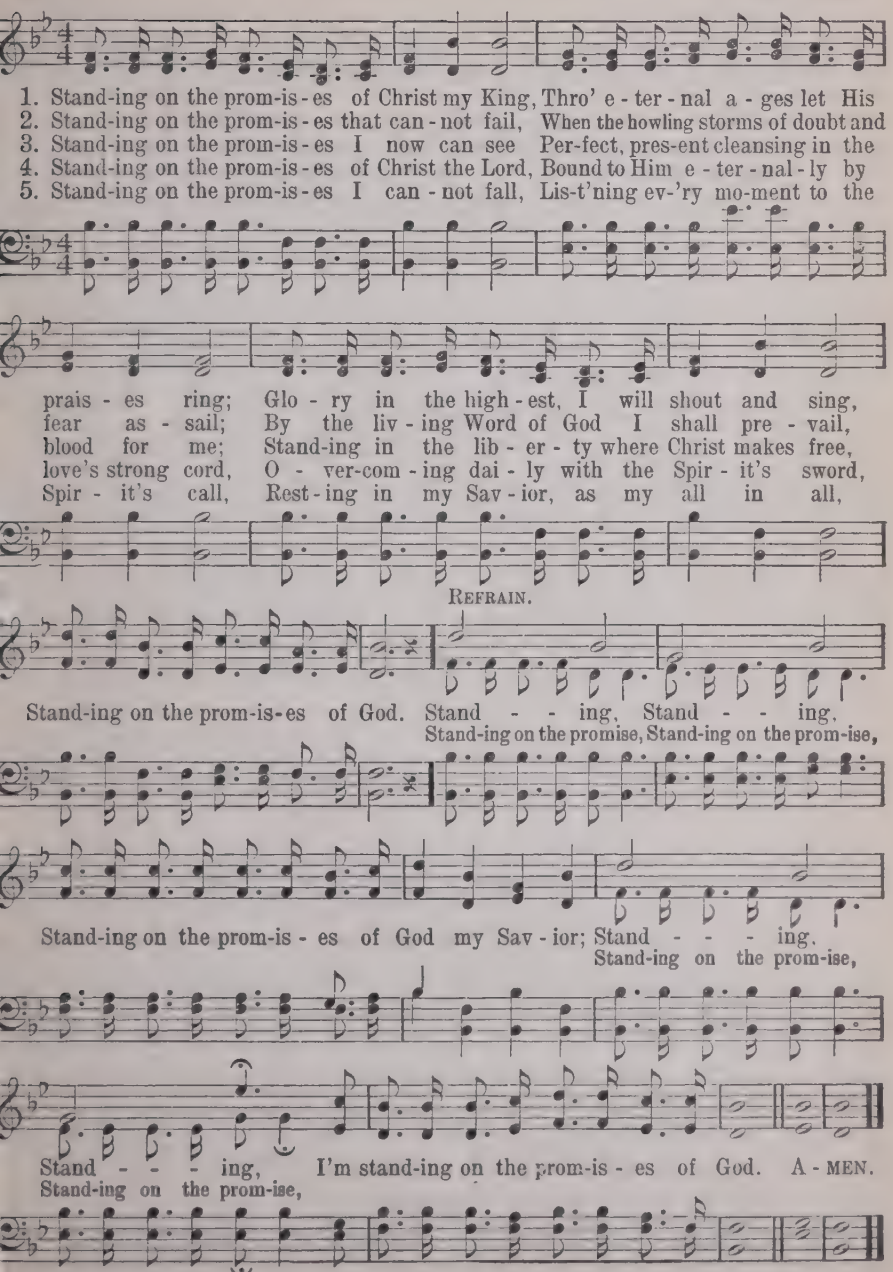
Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

Copyright, 1905, by John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.


1. Be not dis - mayed what - e'er be - tide, God will take
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take
care of you; Be - neath His wings of love a - bide.
care of you; When dan - gers fierce your heart as - sail.
care of you; Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied,
care of you; Lean, wea - ry one, up - on His breast,
Chorus
God will take care of you. God will take care of you,
Through ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way, He will take
care of you, God will take care of you. . . . . .
take care of you.

Standing On the Promises

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear as-sail; By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent cleansing in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
5. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,
REFRAIN.
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the promise, Stand-ing on the prom-ise,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-ise,
Stand - - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. A-MEN.
Stand-ing on the prom-ise,

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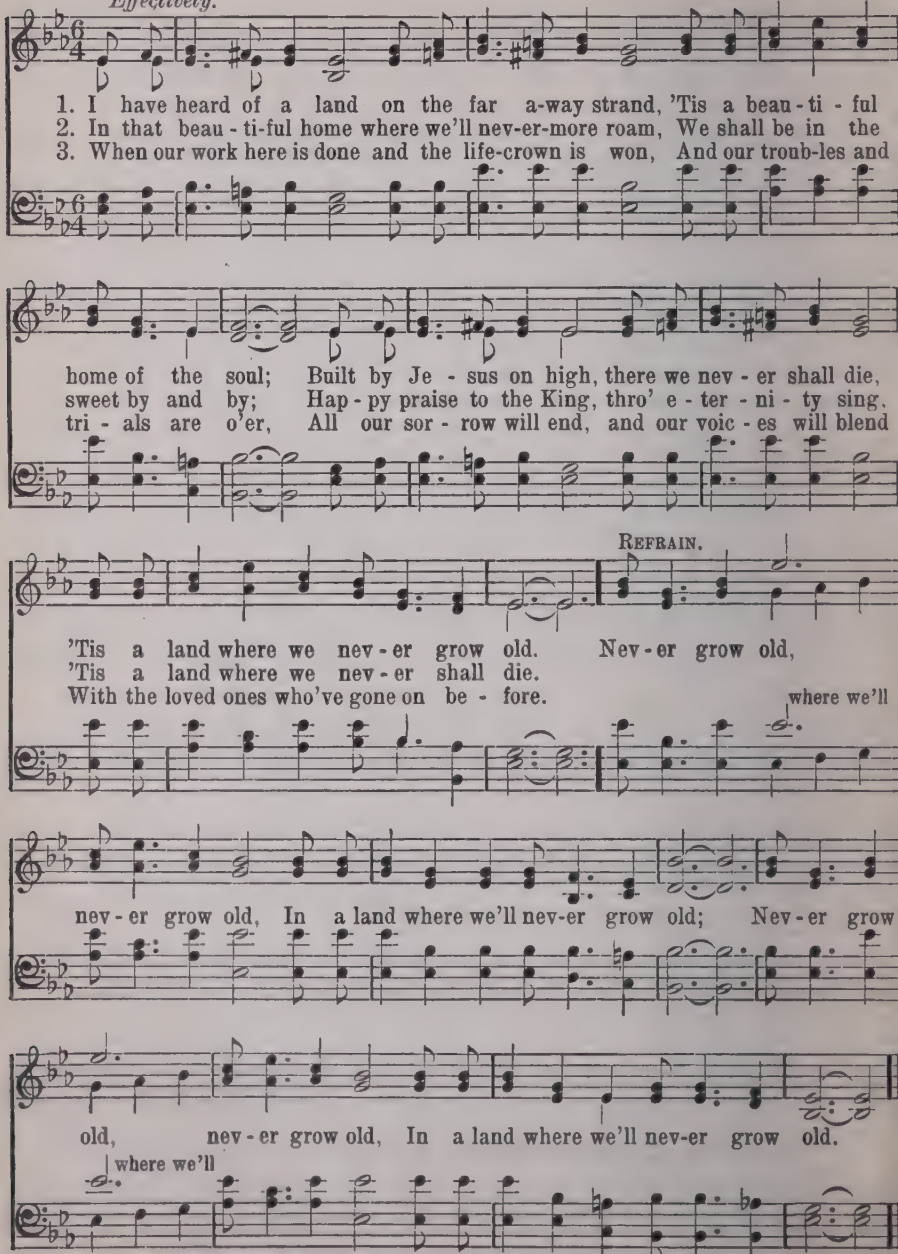
Where We'll Never Grow Old

To my father and mother.—J. C. M.

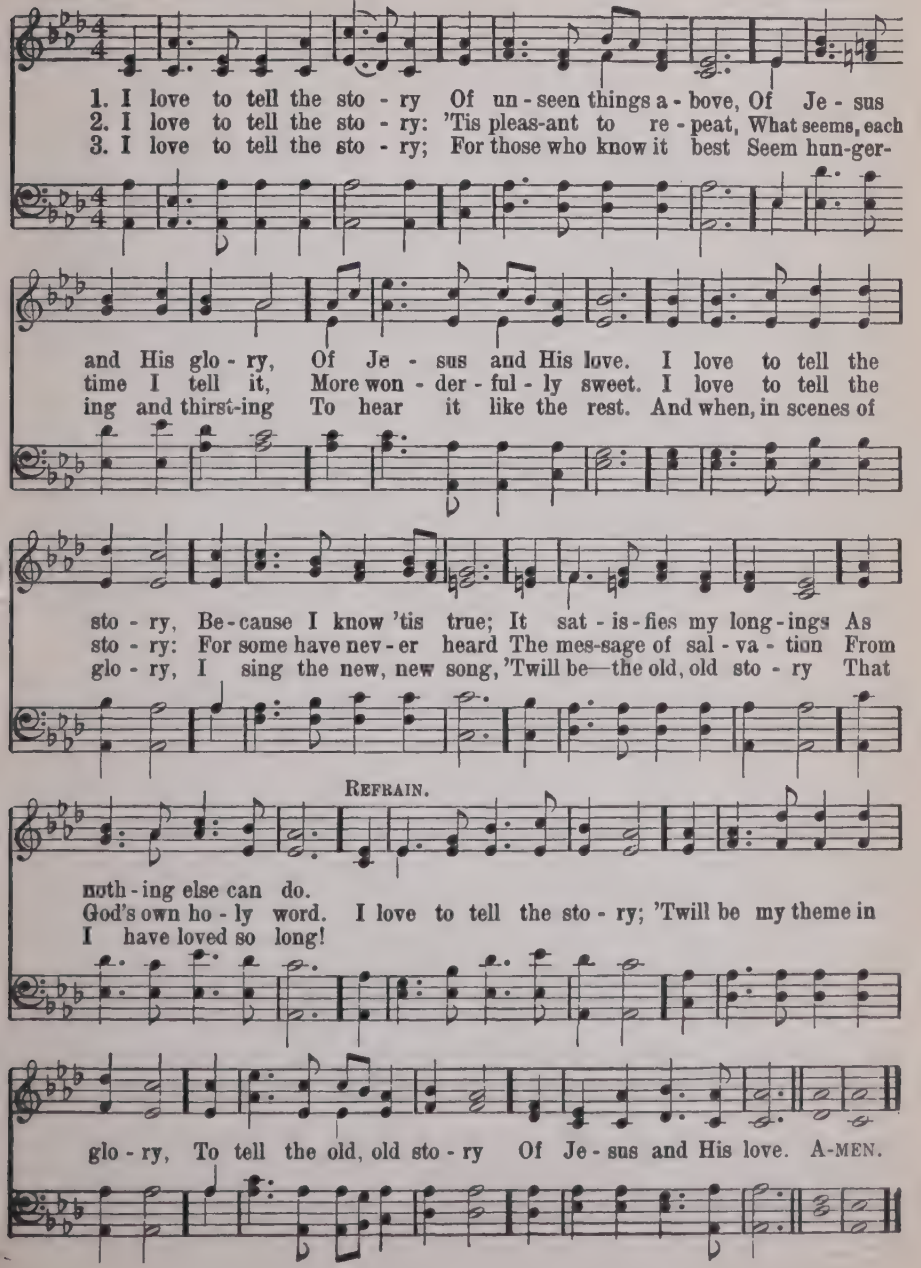
J. C. M. Jas. C. Moore.

Effectively.

1. I have heard of a land on the far a-way strand, 'Tis a beau-ti-ful
2. In that beau-ti-ful home where we'll nev-er-more roam, We shall be in the
3. When our work here is done and the life-crown is won, And our troub-les and
home of the soul; Built by Je-sus on high, there we nev-er shall die,
sweet by and by; Hap-py praise to the King, thro' e-ter-ni-ty sing,
tri-als are o'er, All our sor-row will end, and our voic-es will blend
REFRAIN.
'Tis a land where we nev-er grow old. Nev-er grow old,
'Tis a land where we nev-er shall die.
With the loved ones who've gone on be-fore.
where we'll
nev-er grow old, In a land where we'll nev-er grow old; Nev-er grow
old, nev-er grow old, In a land where we'll nev-er grow old.
where we'll

Jas. C. Moore, owner.

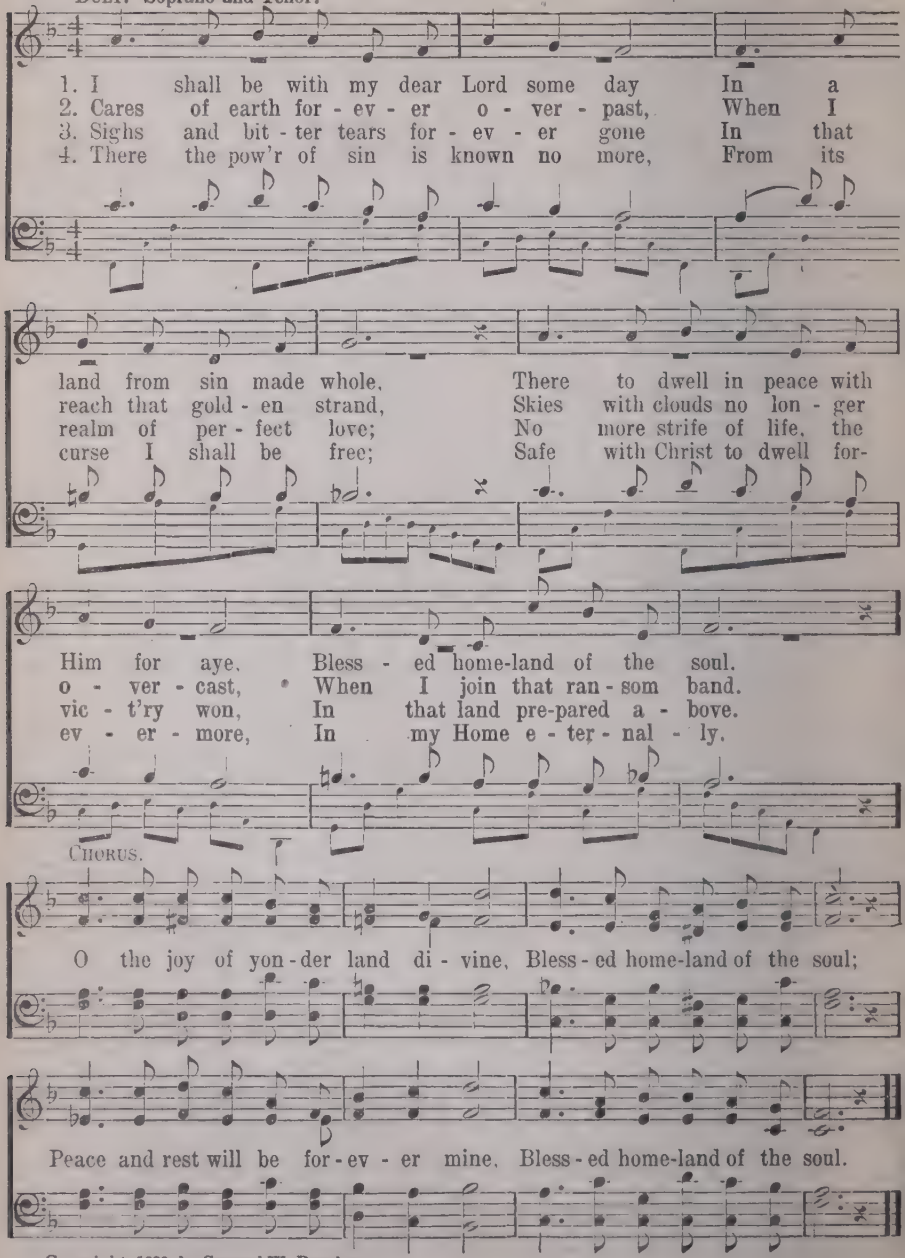
27 I Love to Tell the Story

(I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s, 6s. D.)

Katherine Hankey, 1865. W. G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat, What seems, each
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger-
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of
sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As
sto - ry: For some have nev - er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be—the old, old sto - ry That
REFRAIN.
noth - ing else can do.
God's own ho - ly word. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Twill be my theme in
I have loved so long!
glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A-MEN.

Homeland of the Soul

R. H. Robert Harkness.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.

1. I shall be with my dear Lord some day In a land from sin made whole. There to dwell in peace with Him for aye. Bless - ed home-land of the soul.
2. Cares of earth for - ev - er o - ver - past, When I reach that gold - en strand, Skies with clouds no lon - ger o - ver - cast, When I join that ran - som band.
3. Sighs and bit - ter tears for - ev - er gone In that realm of per - fect love; No more strife of life, the vic - t'ry won, In that land pre-pared a - bove.
4. There the pow'r of sin is known no more, From its curse I shall be free; Safe with Christ to dwell for- ev - er - more, In my Home e - ter - nal - ly.
CHORUS.
O the joy of yon - der land di - vine, Bless - ed home-land of the soul;
Peace and rest will be for - ev - er mine, Bless - ed home-land of the soul.

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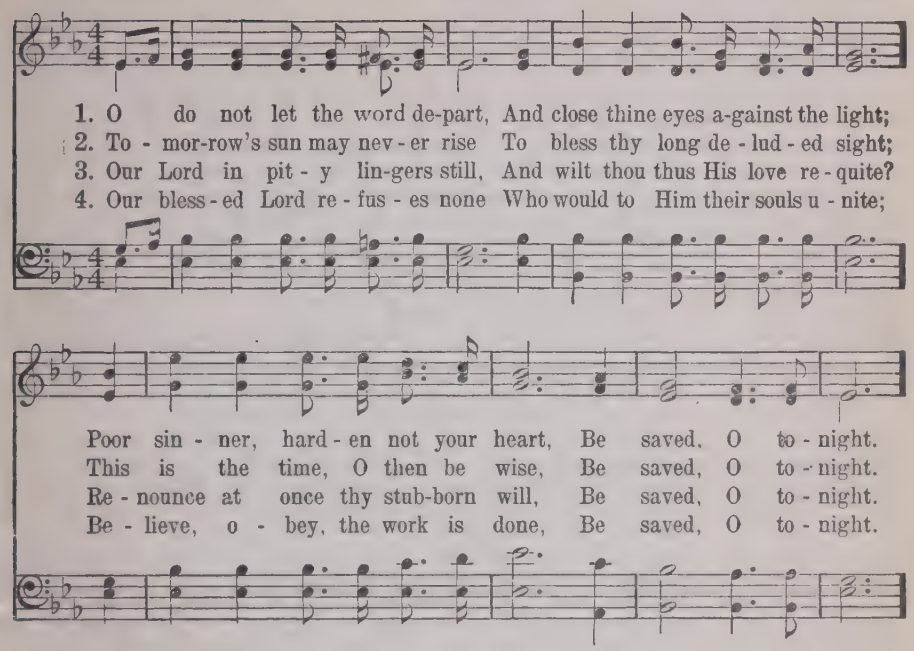
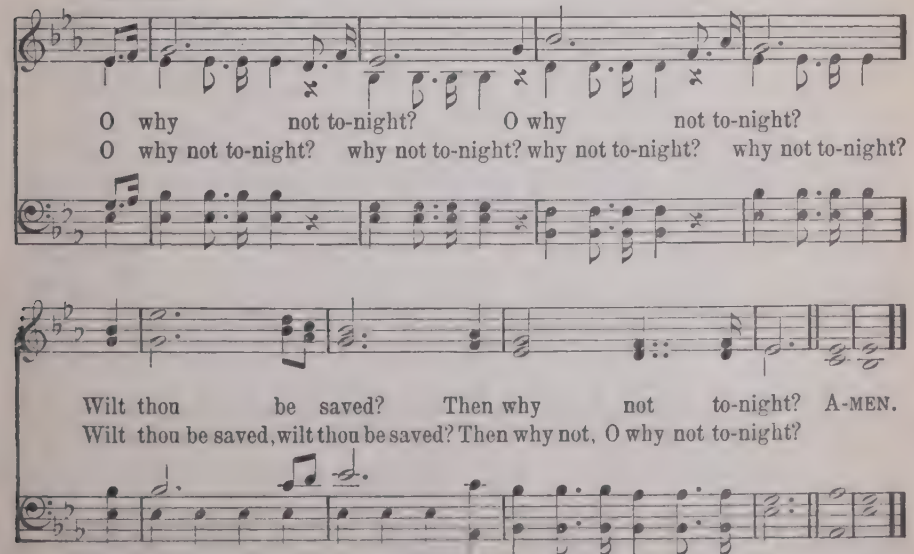
O Why Not To-night?

Elizabeth Reed. (8s, 5.) J. Calvin Bushey.


1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite?
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.

REFRAIN.


O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night? A-MEN.
Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

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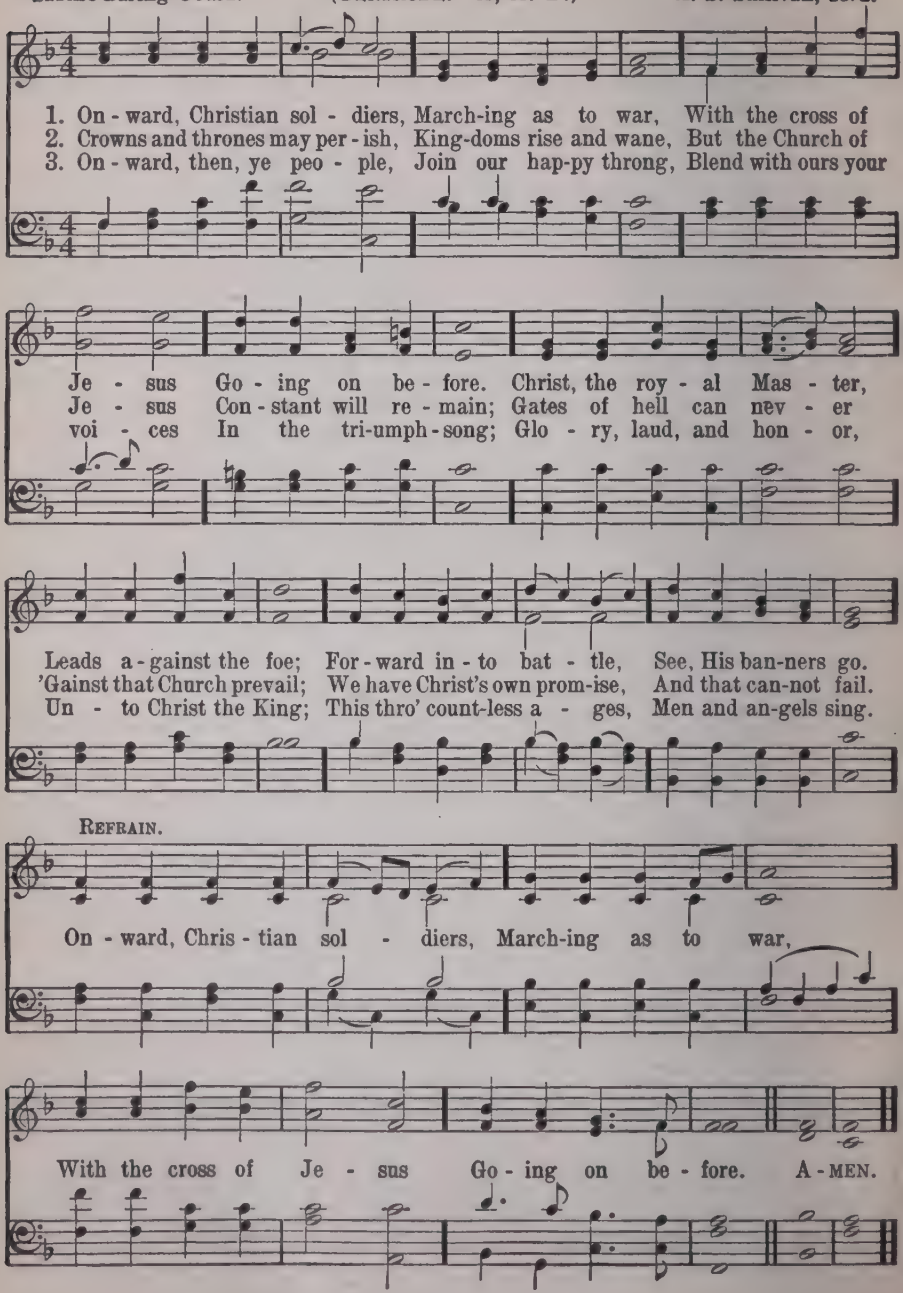
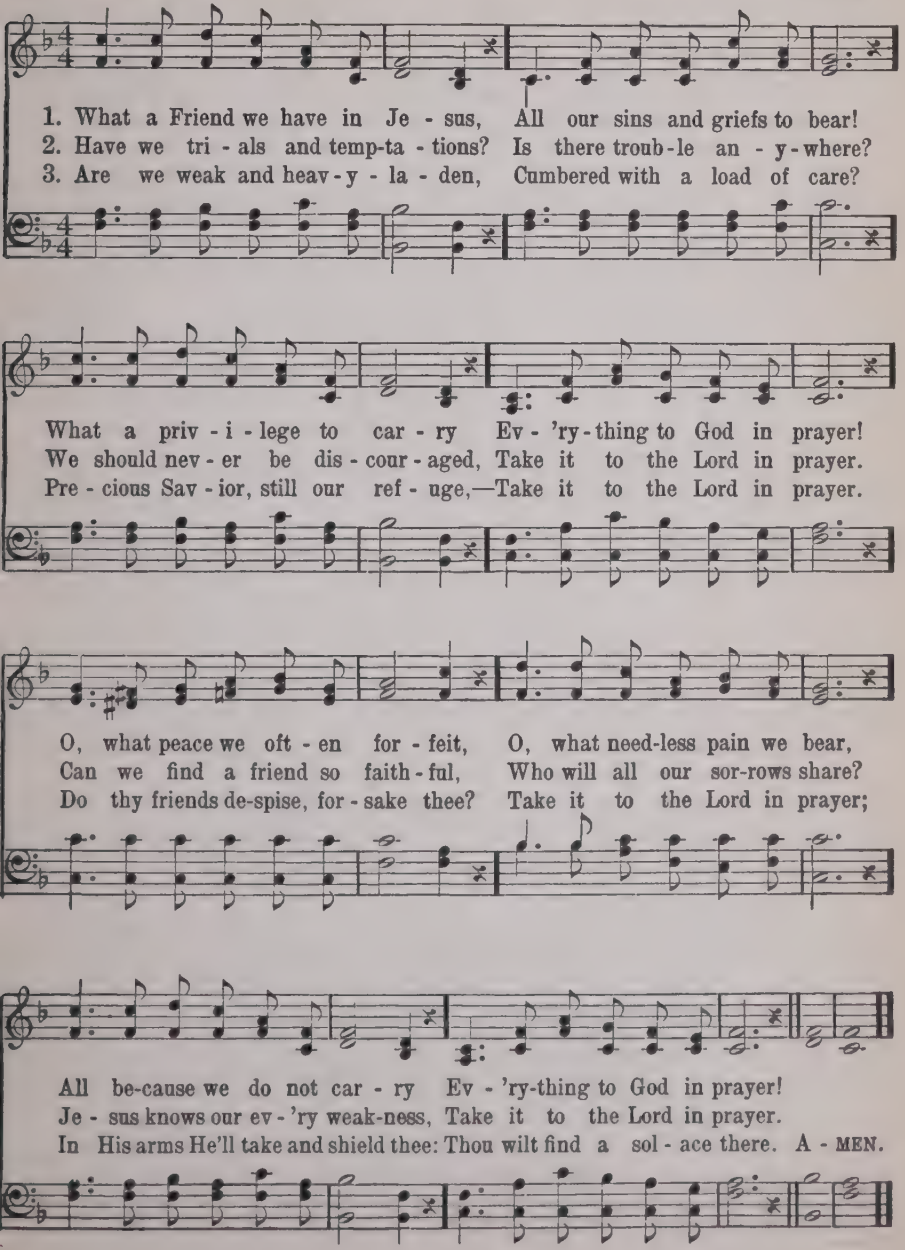
Onward, Christian Soldiers

Sabine Baring-Gould. (GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s. D.) A. S. Sullivan, 1872.


1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of
2. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of
3. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the tri-umph - song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,
Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can-not fail.
Un - to Christ the King; This thro' count-less a - ges, Men and an-gels sing.
REFRAIN.
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

31 What a Friend We Have in Jesus

(WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s. D.)

Joseph Scriven, 1855. C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
O, what peace we oft - en for - feit, O, what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee: Thou wilt find a sol - ace there. A - MEN.

Pray, Pray, Pray

R. H. Robert Harkness.

1. When the clouds of doubt ap - pear, When your faith would turn to fear,
2. Tho' dis - cour - aged by the way, Dis - ap - point - ments mar each day,
3. When the temp - ter seeks to win, Beck - ons with the wiles of sin,
4. Pray, be - liev - ing God will hear, Know that He is ev - er near;

Go to God in ear - nest prayer, He will ev - 'ry bur - den share.
Ev - 'ry chal - lenge prayer will meet, Change the bit - ter in - to sweet.
Prayer will be a ref - uge sure, Give you strength then to en - dure.
Trust the prom - ise of His Word, Ev - er lean up - on the Lord.

CHORUS

Pray, pray, pray, When the day is sad and drear - y, Pray, pray,
O pray,
pray, When the night is dark and wea - ry; God will hear your faintest cry,
O pray,
You will find Him ev - er nigh, If you pray, pray, pray, If you pray, pray, pray.

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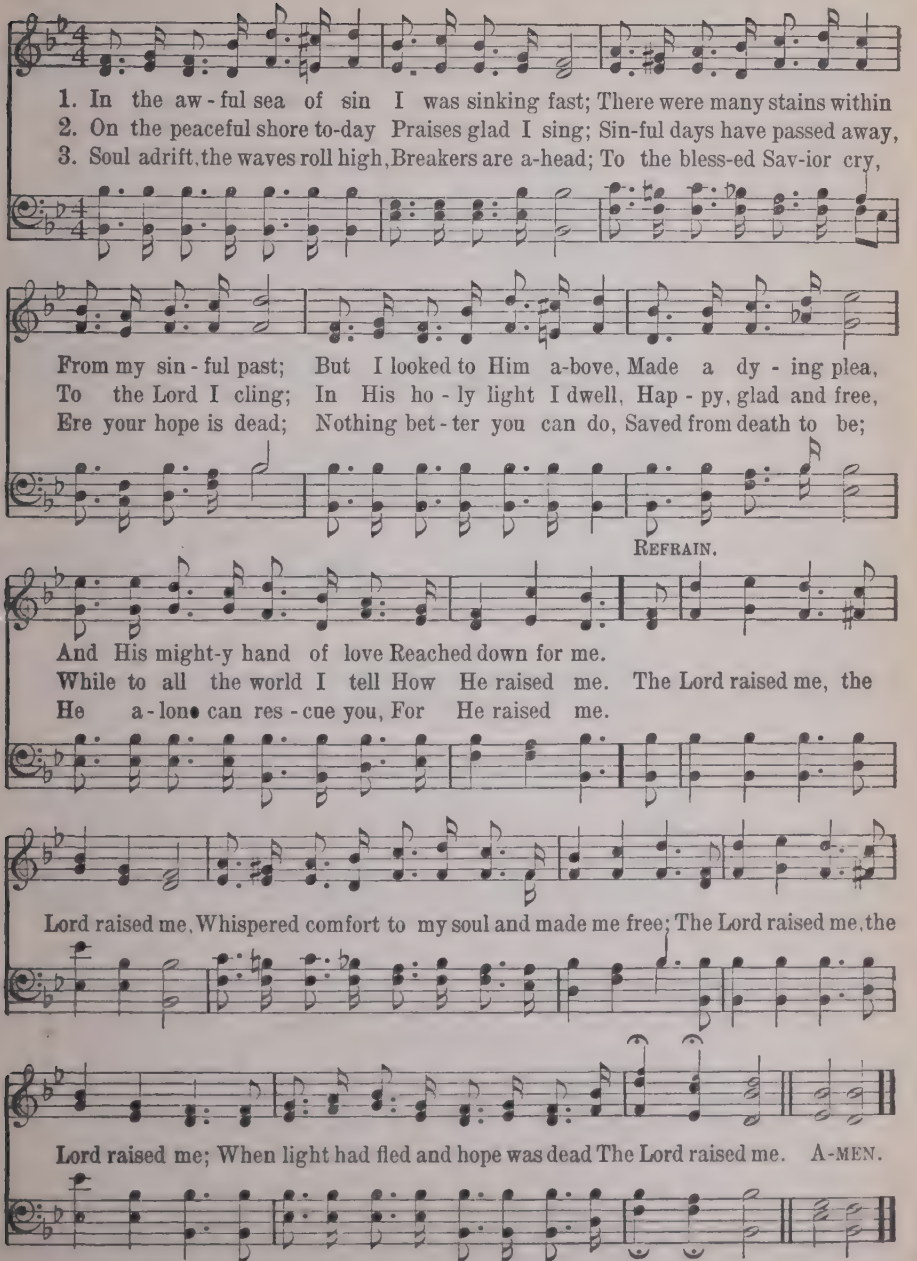
The Lord Raised Me

James Rowe. Hamp Sewell.

1. In the aw - ful sea of sin I was sinking fast; There were many stains within
2. On the peaceful shore to-day Praises glad I sing; Sin-ful days have passed away,
3. Soul adrift, the waves roll high, Breakers are a-head; To the bless-ed Sav-ior cry,
From my sin - ful past; But I looked to Him a-bove, Made a dy - ing plea,
To the Lord I cling; In His ho - ly light I dwell, Hap - py, glad and free,
Ere your hope is dead; Nothing bet - ter you can do, Saved from death to be;
REFRAIN.
And His might-y hand of love Reached down for me.
While to all the world I tell How He raised me. The Lord raised me, the
He a - lone can res - cue you, For He raised me.
Lord raised me, Whispered comfort to my soul and made me free; The Lord raised me, the
Lord raised me; When light had fled and hope was dead The Lord raised me. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1922, by Samuel W. Beazley.
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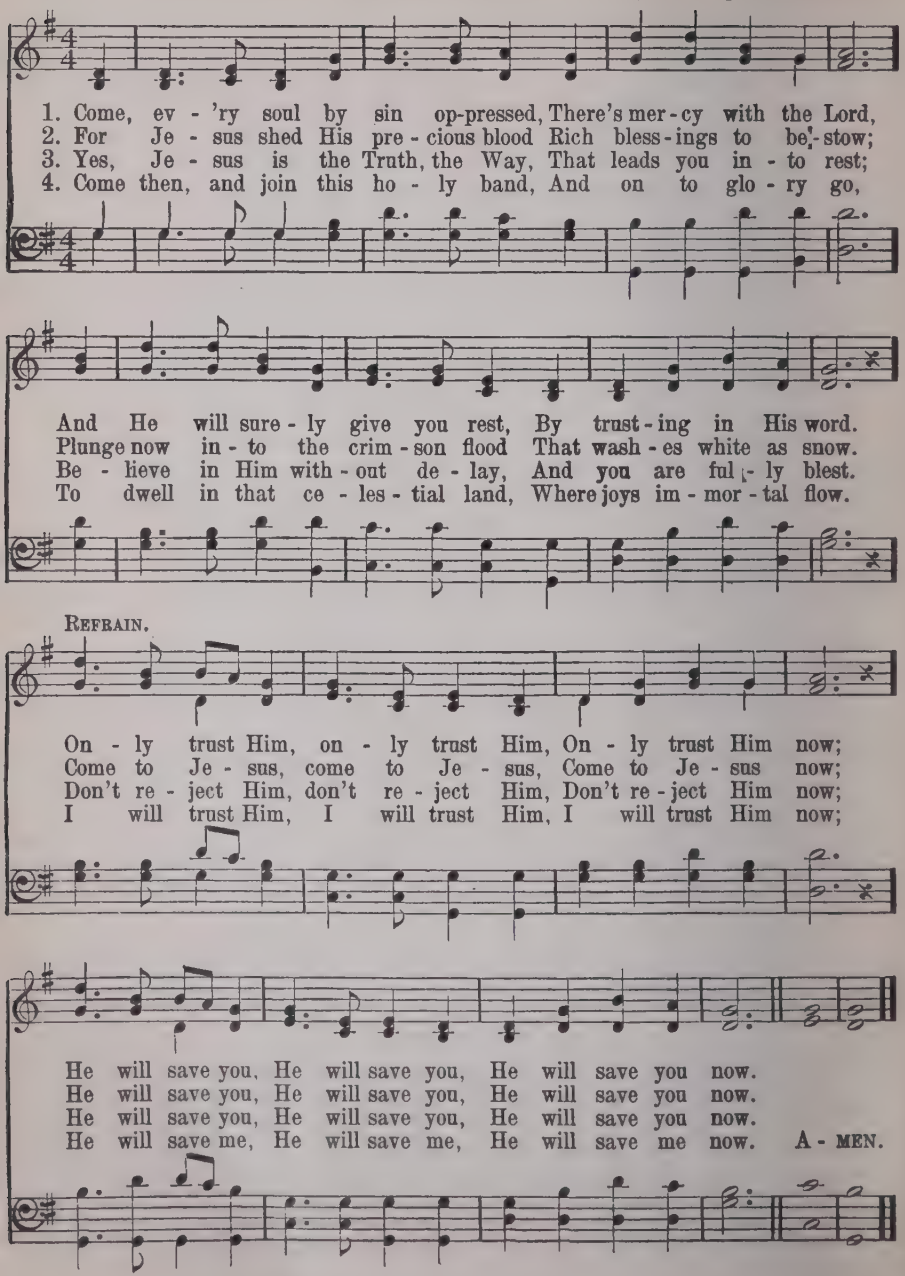
Only Trust Him

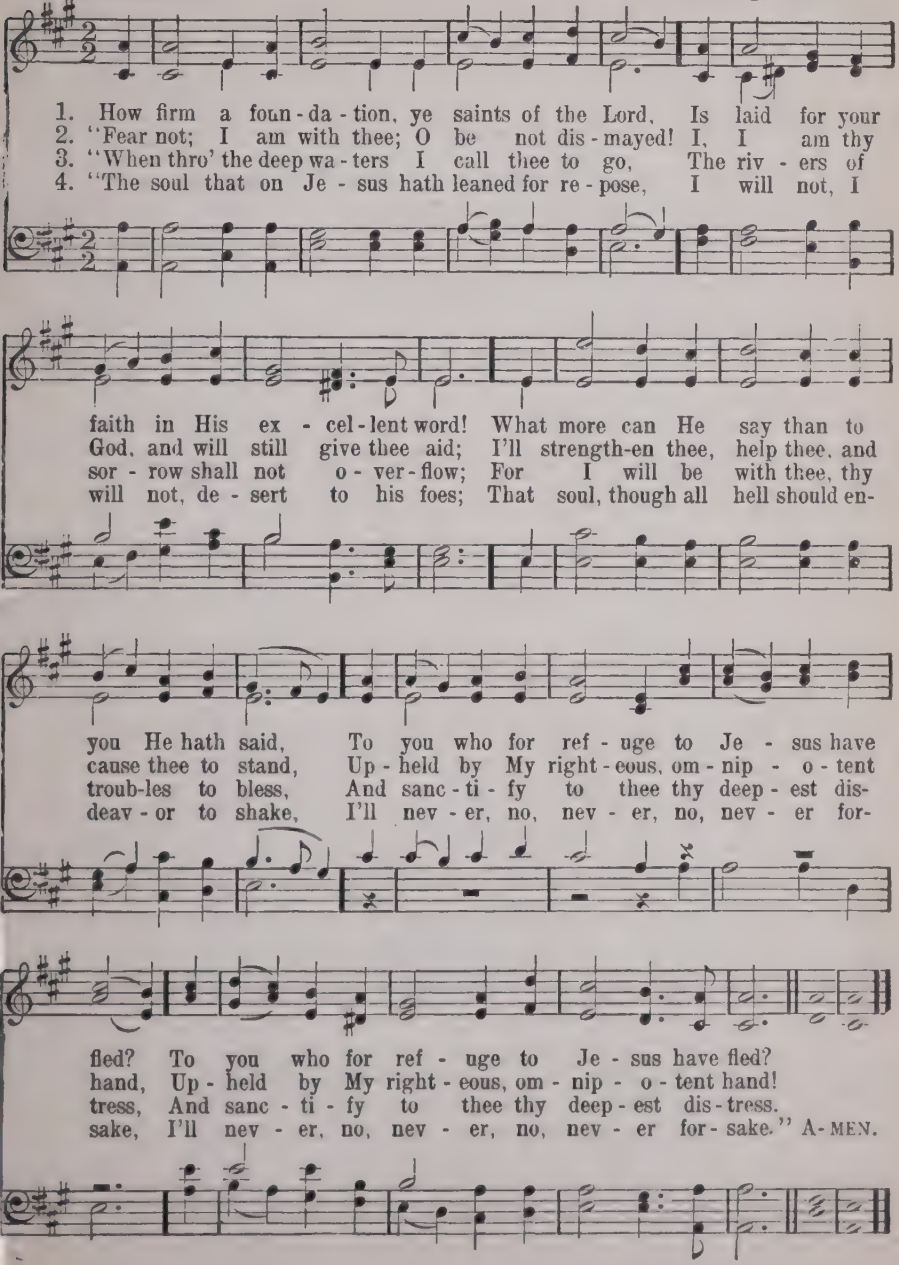
J. H. S. (STOCKTON. 8s, 6s.) J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.
REFRAIN.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now;
Don't re - ject Him, don't re - ject Him, Don't re - ject Him now;
I will trust Him, I will trust Him, I will trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
He will save me, He will save me, He will save me now. A - MEN.

35 How Firm a Foundation

(Portuguese Hymn. 11s.)

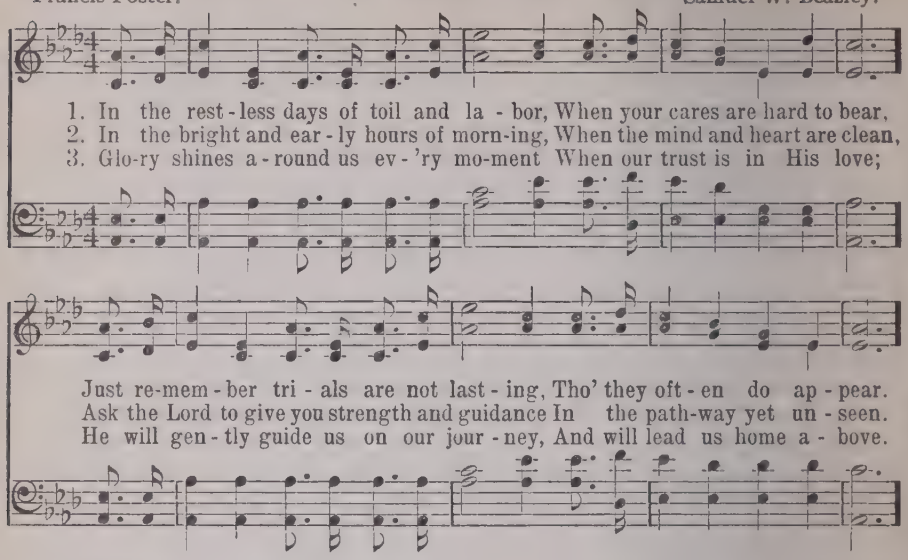
These words can be sung to the tune "Foundation" from memory.

George Keith, 1787. John Reading, 1690–1776.

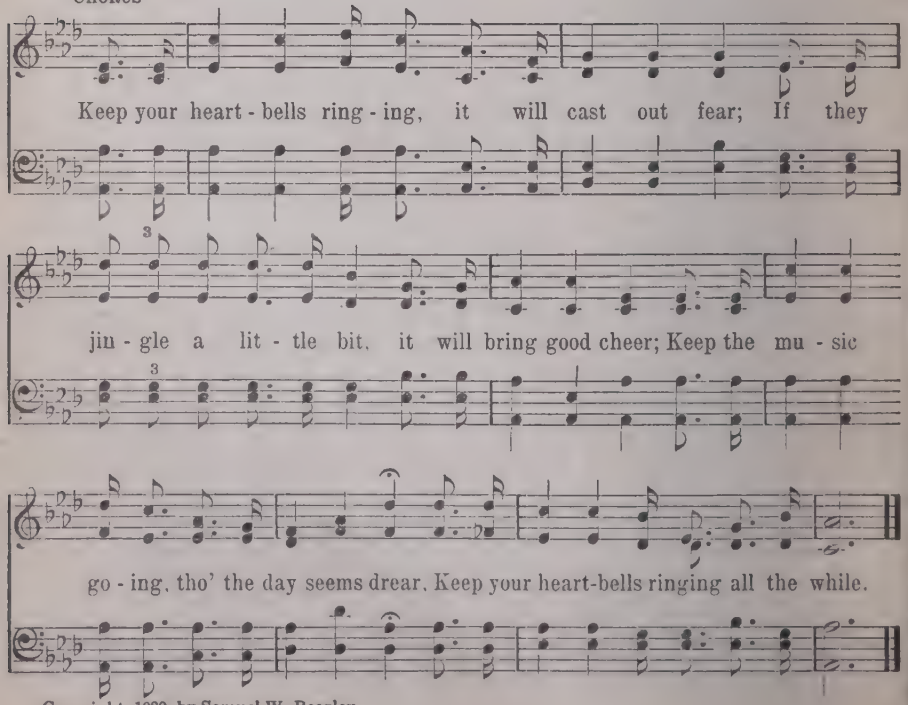

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! I, I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I
faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
will not, de-sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-
you He hath said, To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
cause thee to stand, Up-held by My right-eous, om-nip-o-tent
troub-les to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-
fled? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
hand, Up-held by My right-eous, om-nip-o-tent hand!
tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
sake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake." A-MEN.

36 Keep Your Heart-Bells Ringing

Francis Foster. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. In the rest-less days of toil and la-bor, When your cares are hard to bear,
2. In the bright and ear-ly hours of morn-ing, When the mind and heart are clean,
3. Glo-ry shines a-round us ev-'ry mo-ment When our trust is in His love;
Just re-mem-ber tri-als are not last-ing, Tho' they oft-en do ap-pear.
Ask the Lord to give you strength and guidance In the path-way yet un-seen.
He will gen-tly guide us on our jour-ney, And will lead us home a-bove.

CHORUS


Keep your heart-bells ring-ing, it will cast out fear; If they
jin-gle a lit-tle bit, it will bring good cheer; Keep the mu-sic
go-ing, tho' the day seems drear, Keep your heart-bells ringing all the while.

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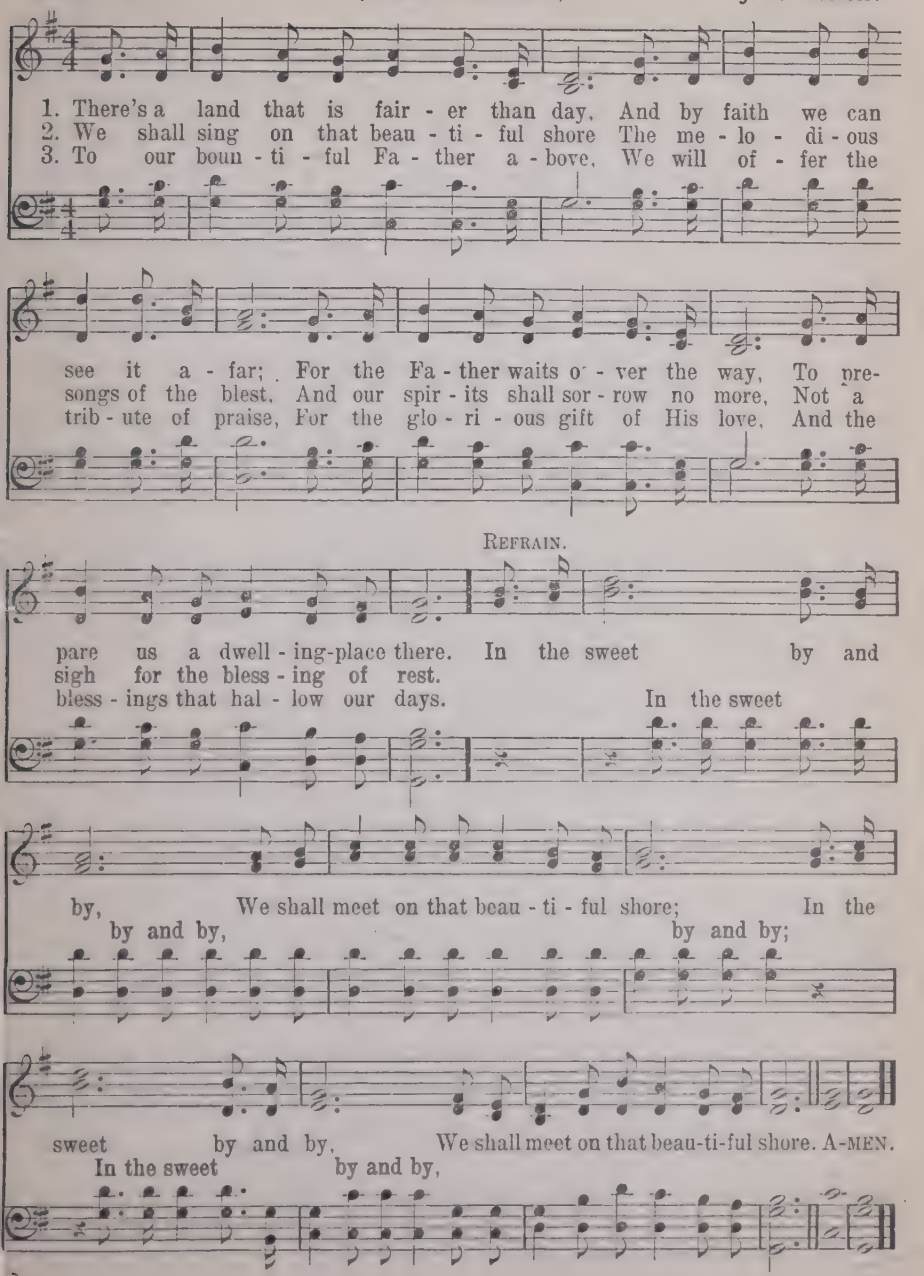
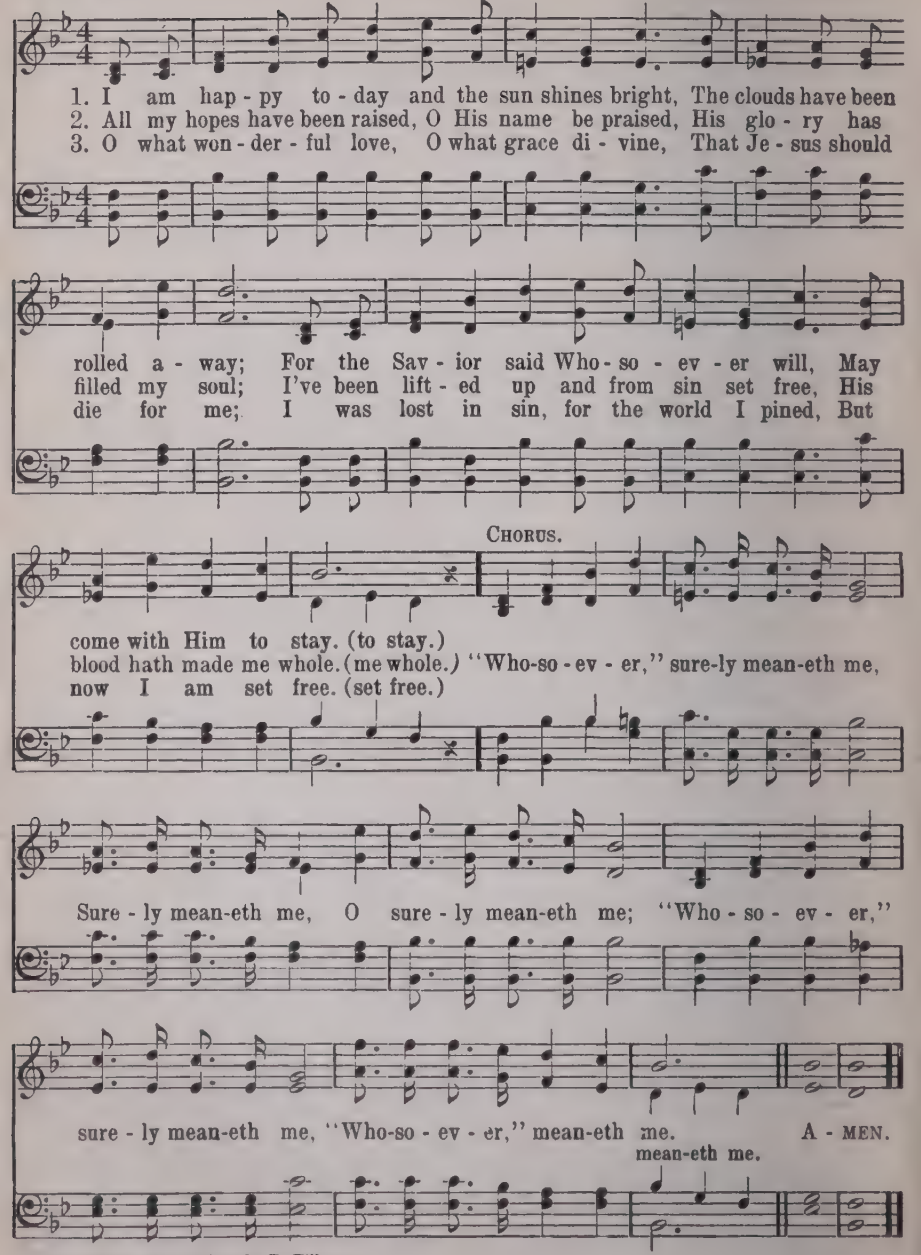
37 There's a Land That is Fairer Than Day

S. F. Bennett. (SWEET BY AND BY.) J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the
REFRAIN.
pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
by and by, by and by;
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore. A-MEN.
In the sweet by and by,

"Whosoever" Meaneth Me

J. E. M. J. Edwin McConnell.

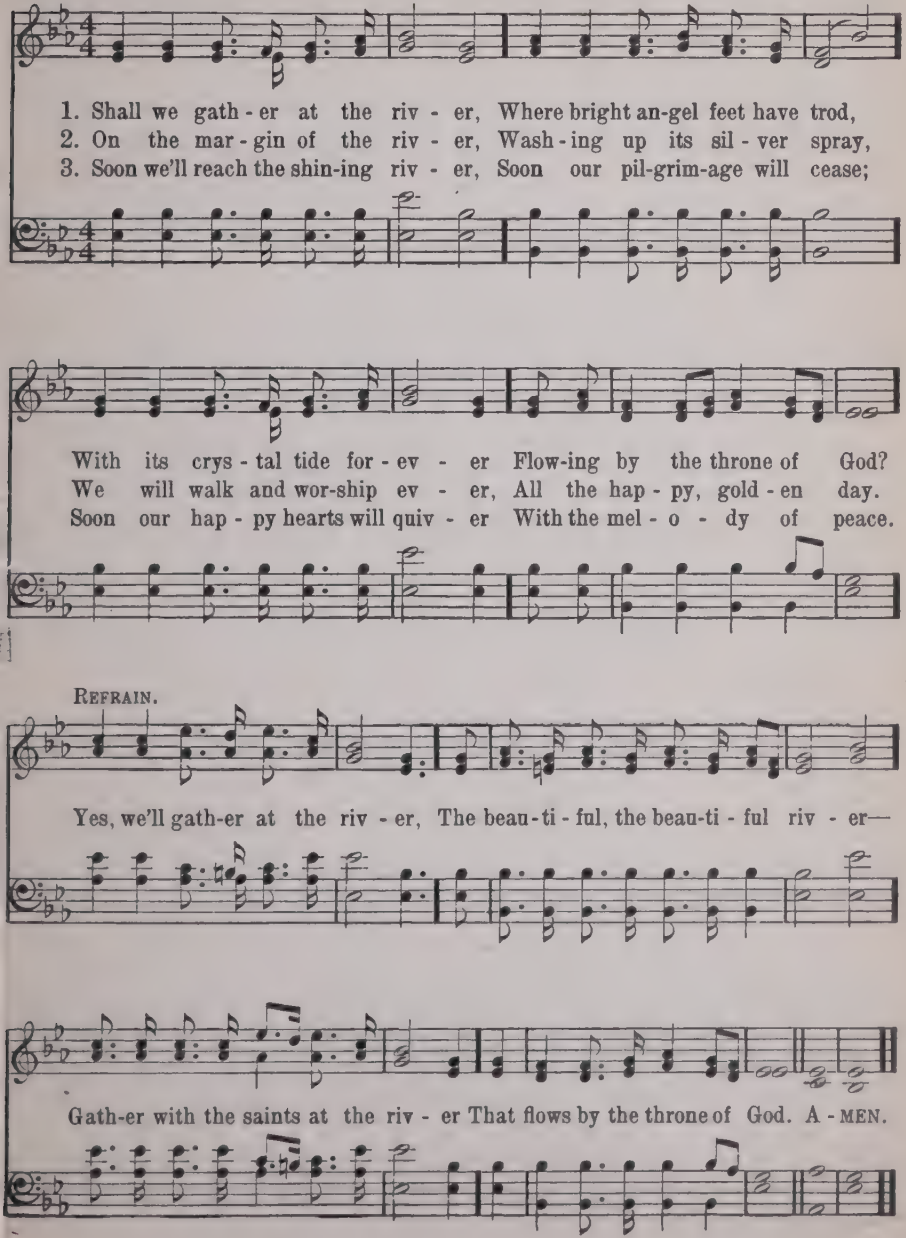

1. I am hap - py to - day and the sun shines bright, The clouds have been
2. All my hopes have been raised, O His name be praised, His glo - ry has
3. O what won - der - ful love, O what grace di - vine, That Je - sus should
rolled a - way; For the Sav - ior said Who - so - ev - er will, May
filled my soul; I've been lift - ed up and from sin set free, His
die for me; I was lost in sin, for the world I pined, But
CHORUS.
come with Him to stay. (to stay.)
blood hath made me whole. (me whole.) "Who-so - ev - er," sure-ly mean-eth me,
now I am set free. (set free.)
Sure - ly mean-eth me, O sure - ly mean-eth me; "Who - so - ev - er,"
sure - ly mean-eth me, "Who-so - ev - er," mean-eth me.
mean-eth me.
A - MEN.

Copyright, 1914, by Charlie D. Tillman.

39 Shall We Gather At the River?

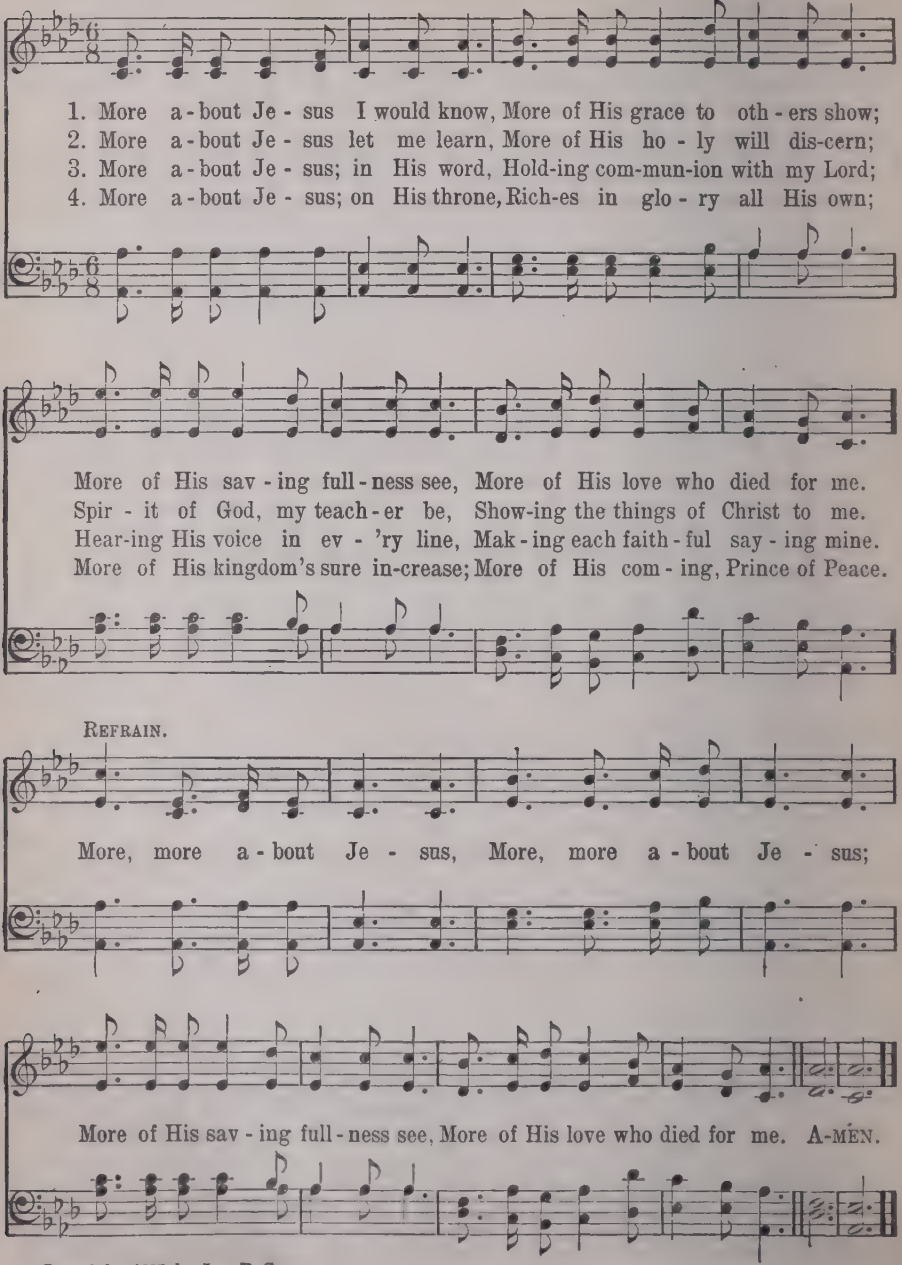
(SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER? 8s, 7s.)

Robert Lowry, 1864. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Soon we'll reach the shin-ing riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.
REFRAIN.
Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er—
Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God. A - MEN.

More About Jesus

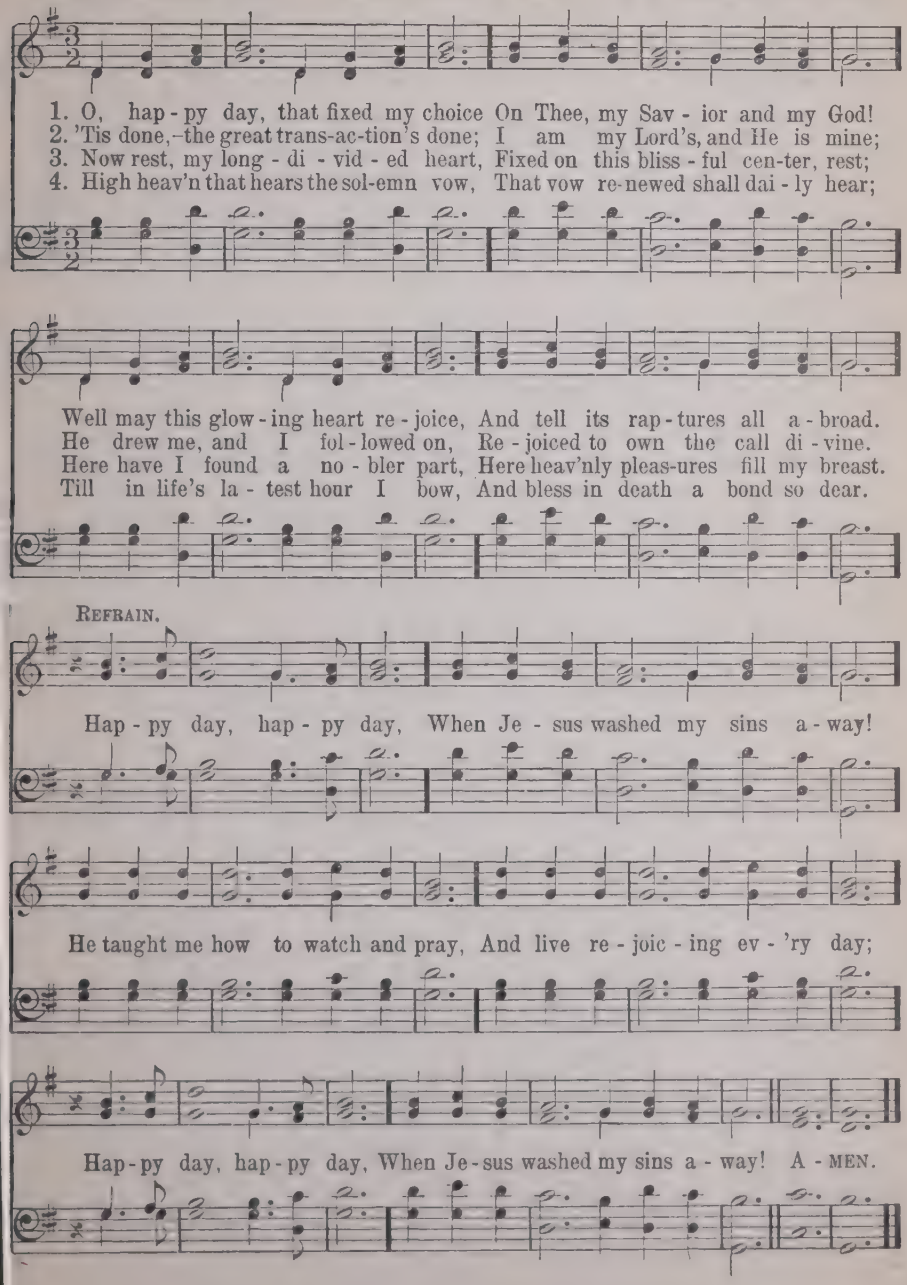
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. More a-bout Je-sus I would know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;
More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.
REFRAIN.
More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;
More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney.

41 O, Happy Day, That Fixed My Choice

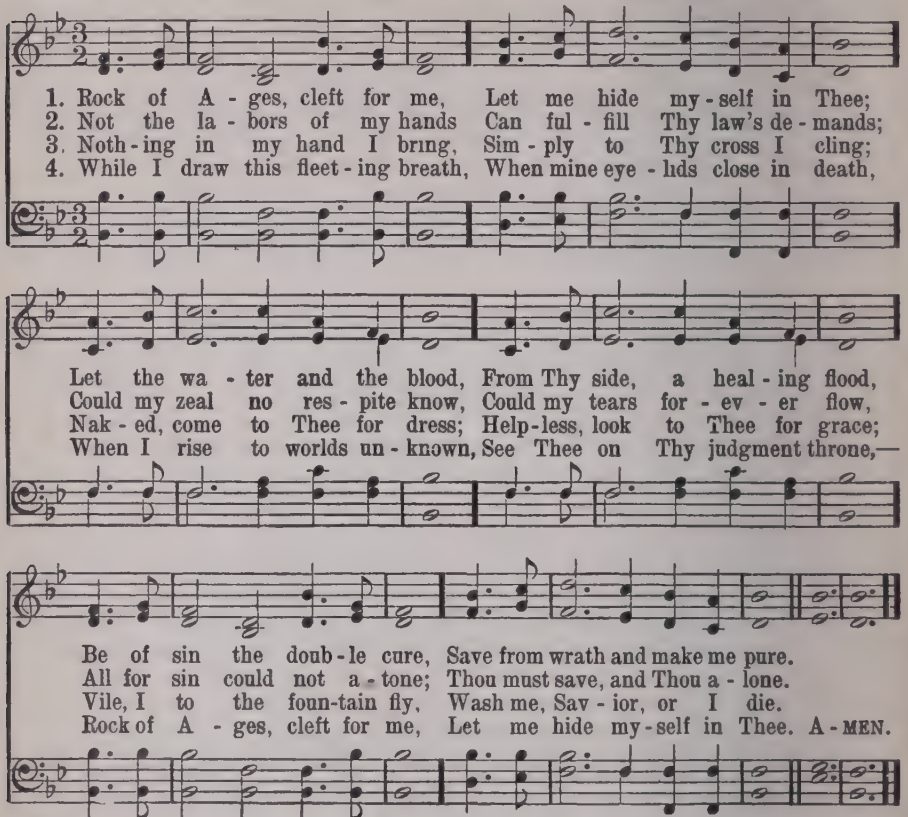
Philip Doddridge, 1755. (HAPPY DAY. L. M.) E. F. Rimbault, 1816–1876.


1. O, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
2. 'Tis done,—the great trans-ac-tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
3. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen-ter, rest;
4. High heav'n that hears the sol-emn vow, That vow re-newed shall dai - ly hear;
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Re - joiced to own the call di - vine.
Here have I found a no - bler part, Here heav'nly pleas-ures fill my breast.
Till in life's la - test hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.
REFRAIN.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way! A - MEN.

42 Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me

[*First Tune*]

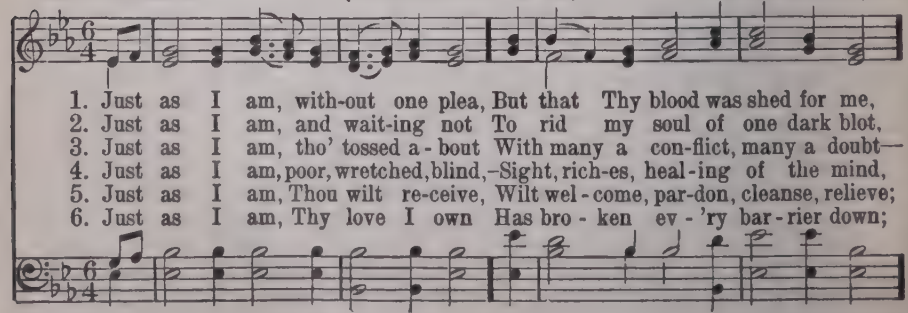
Augustus M. Toplady, 1776. (TOPLADY. 7s.) Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1784–1873.

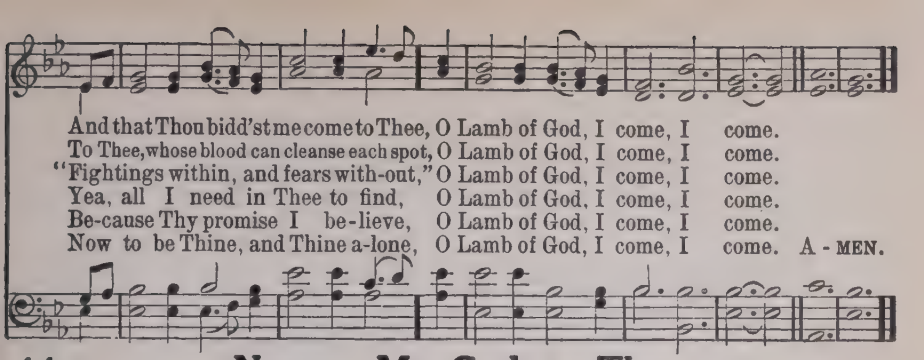

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
When I rise to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Vile, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

43 Just As I Am

[*First Tune*]

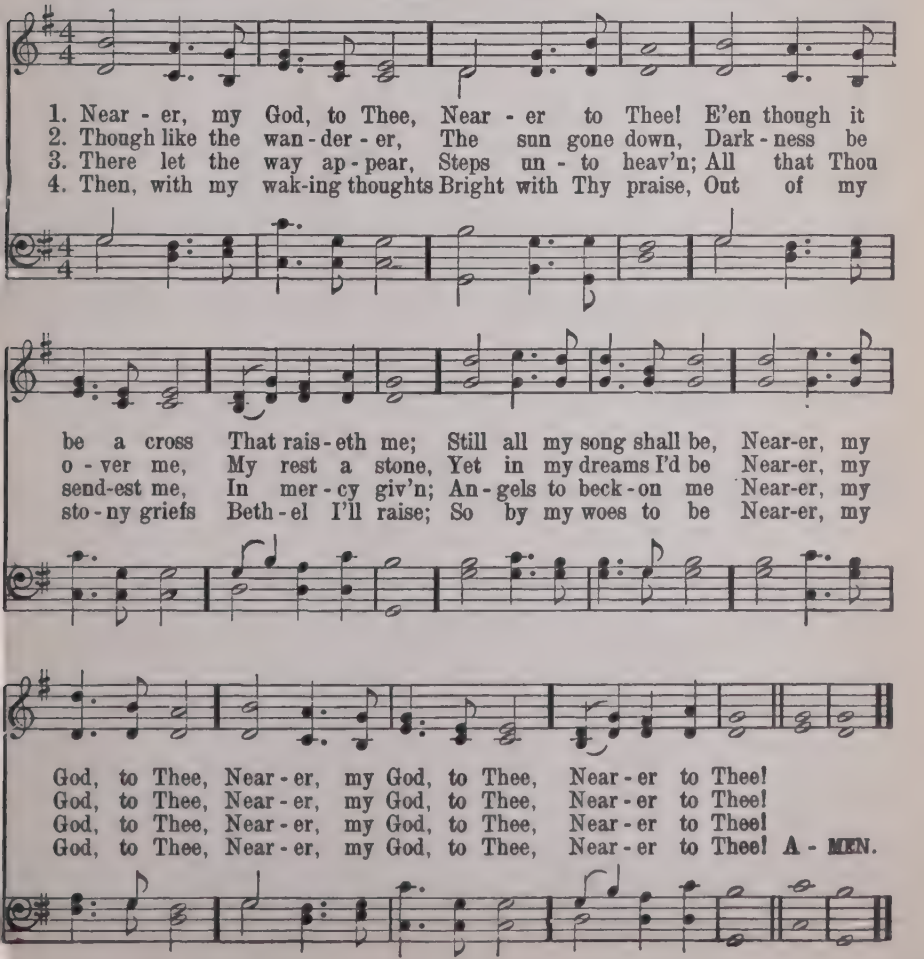
Charlotte Elliott. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) W. B. Bradbury.


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt—
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am, Thy love I own Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;


And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
"Fightings within, and fears with-out," O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Now to be Thine, and Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - MEN.

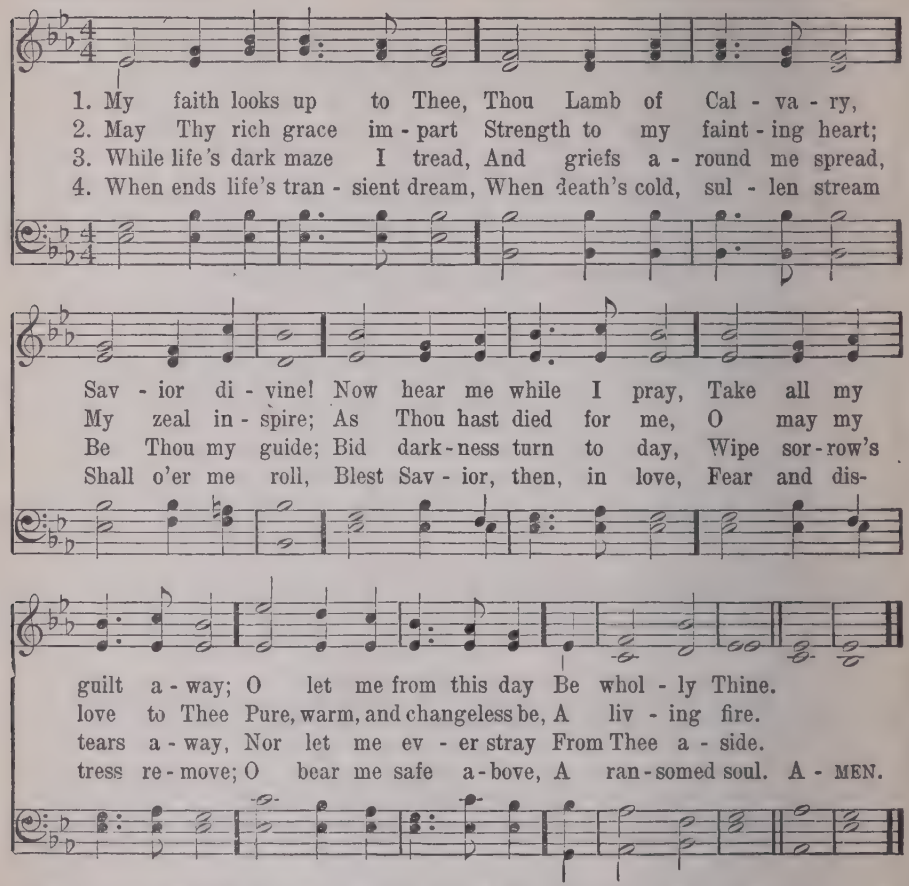
44 Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams, 1841. (BETHANY. 6s, 4s.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak-ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my
send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near-er, my
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - MEN.

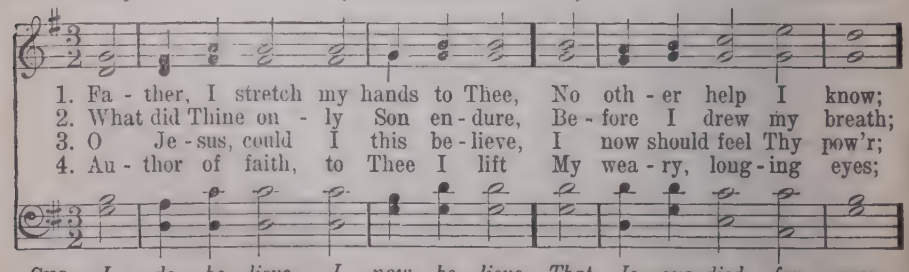
45 My Faith Looks Up to Thee

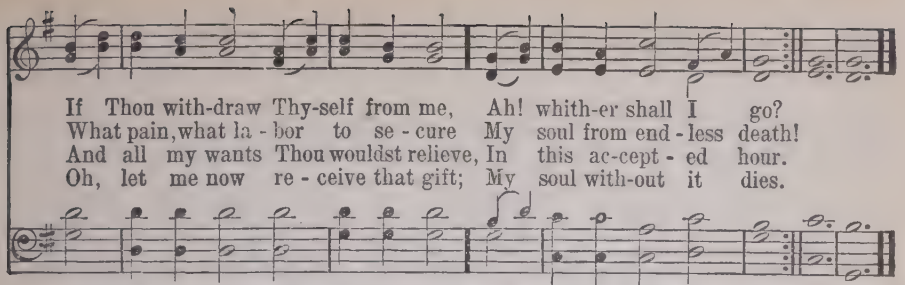
Ray Palmer, 1830. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart;
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-
guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
tress re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul. A - MEN.

46 Father, I Stretch My Hands To Thee

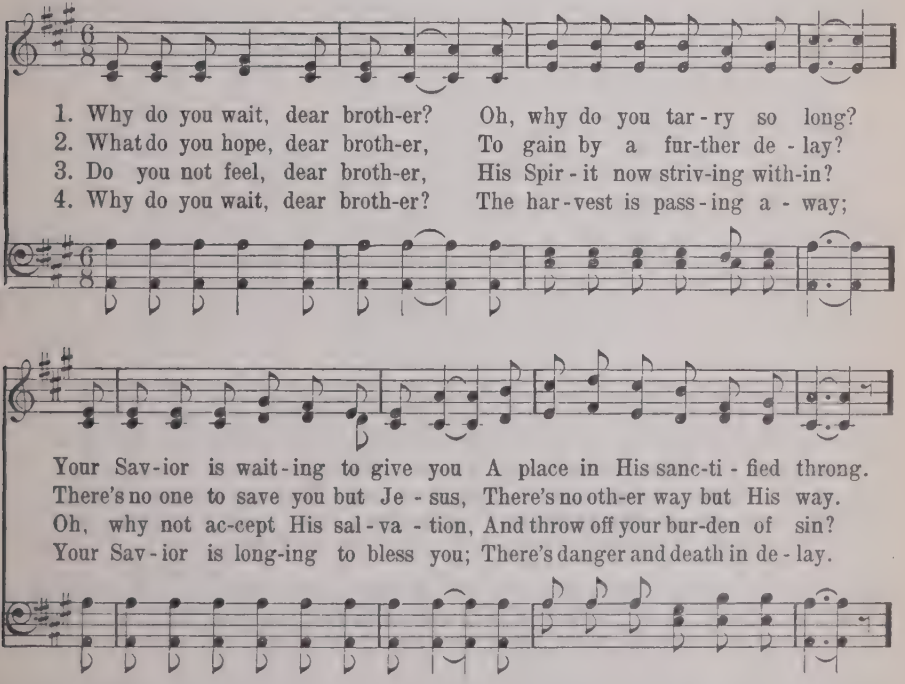
C. Wesley. (I DO BELIEVE. C. M.) Unknown.

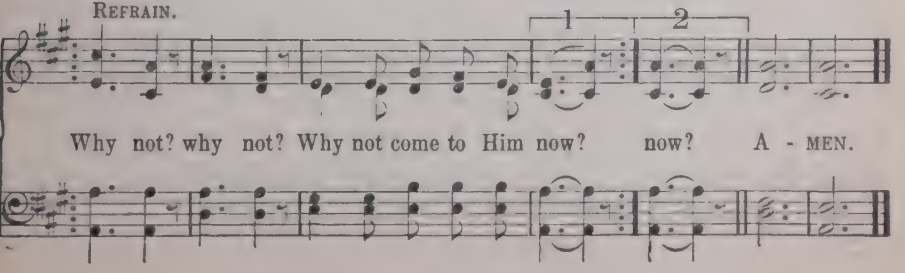

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, loug - ing eyes;
CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;


If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah! whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve, In this ac-cept - ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.
And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free. A-MEN.

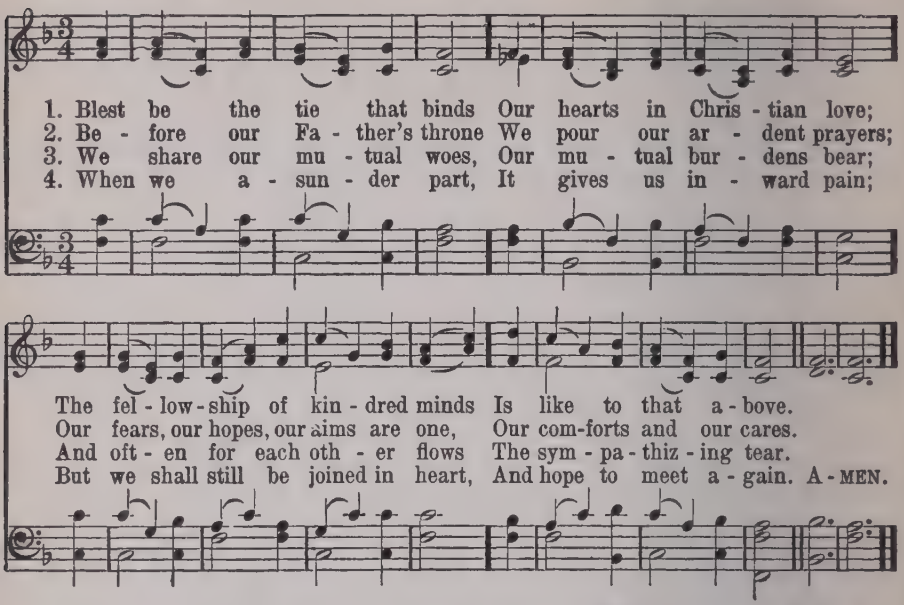
47 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. (7, 8, 9, 8.) Geo. F. Root.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv-ing with-in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har - vest is pass - ing a - way;
Your Sav-ior is wait - ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you; There's danger and death in de - lay.

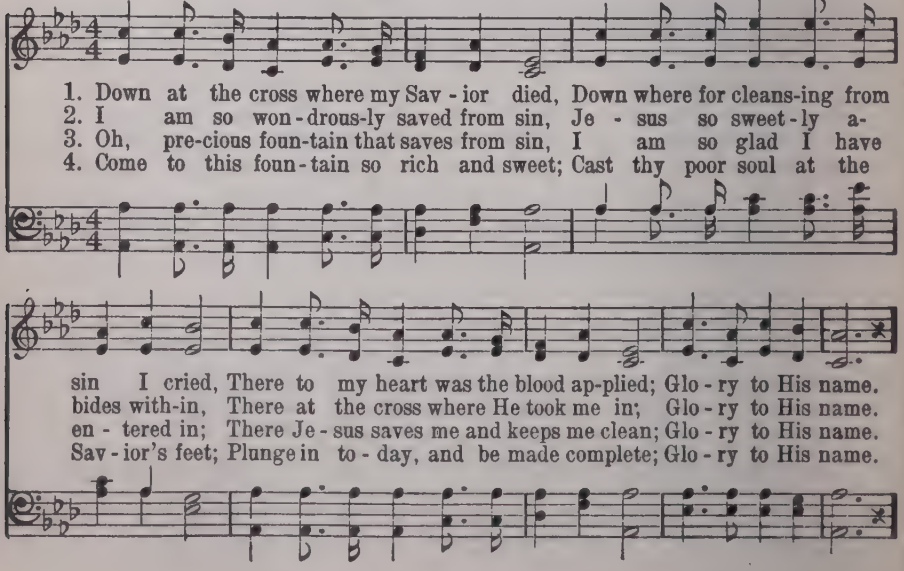


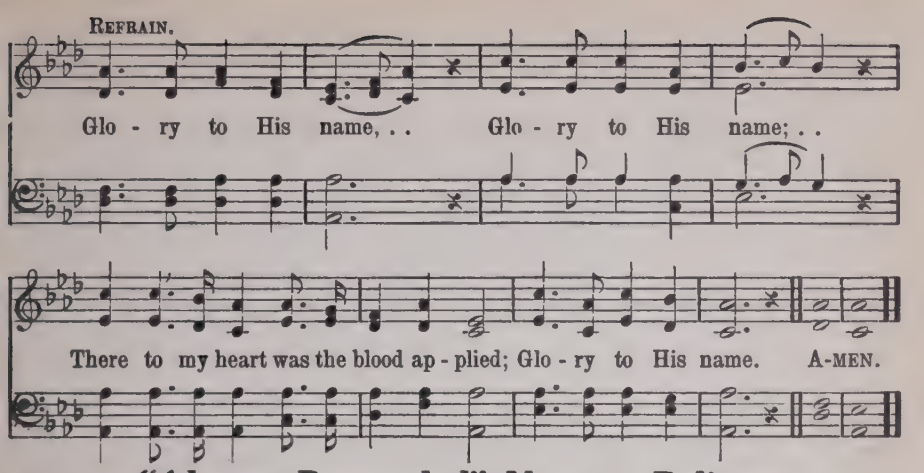
48 Blest Be the Tie That Binds

John Fawcett, 1782. (DENNIS. S. M.) H. G. Nageli, 1768–1836.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.

49 Down At the Cross Where My Savior Died

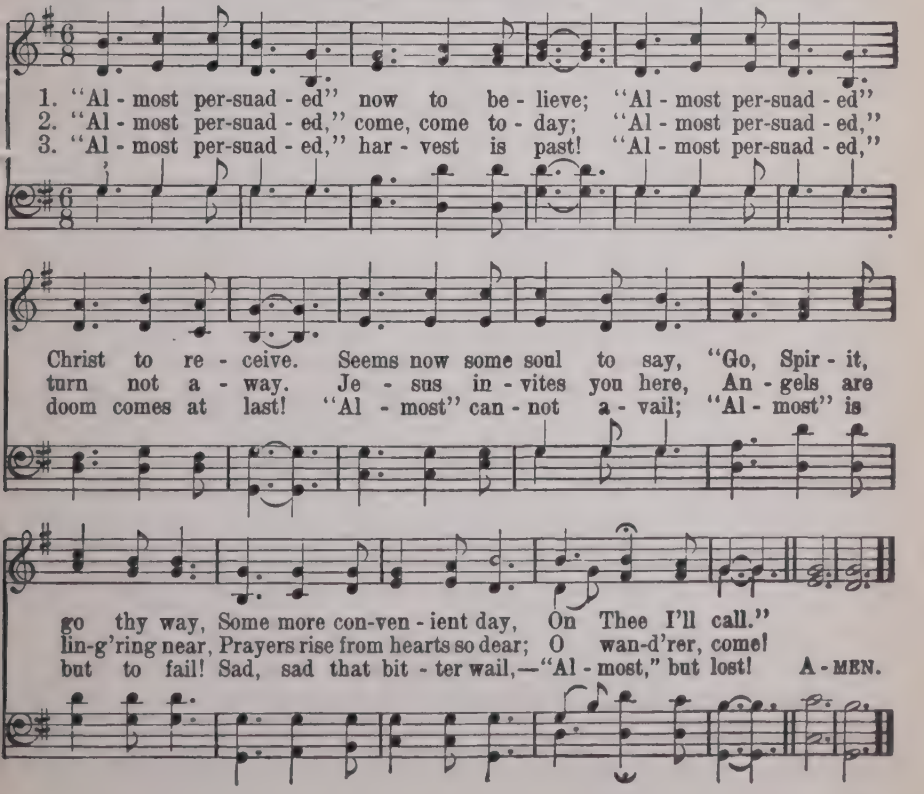
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. (GLORY TO HIS NAME.) Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-ing from
2. I am so won - drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun - tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His name.
bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His name.
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His name.
Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His name.



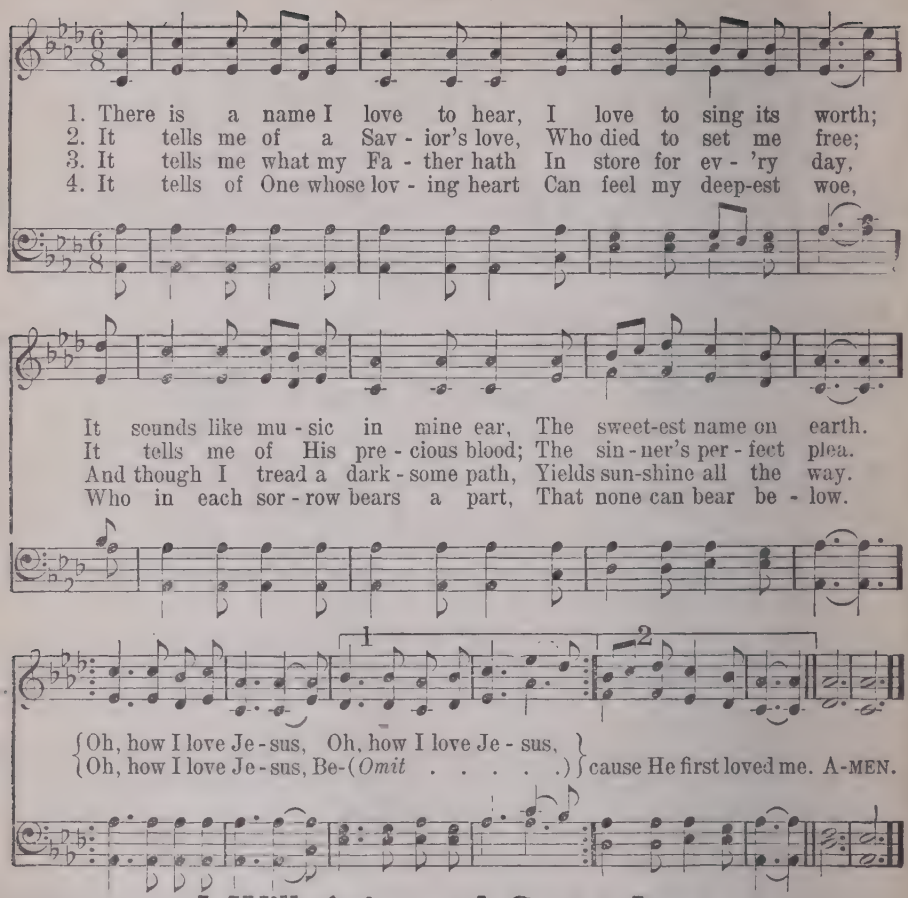
50 "Almost Persuaded" Now to Believe

P. P. Bliss, 1852. (ALMOST PERSUADED. P. M.) P. P. Bliss, 1838-1877.


1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive. Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way. Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go thy way, Some more con-ven - ient day, On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wan-d'rer, come!
but to fail! Sad, sad that bit - ter wail,—"Al - most," but lost! A - MEN.

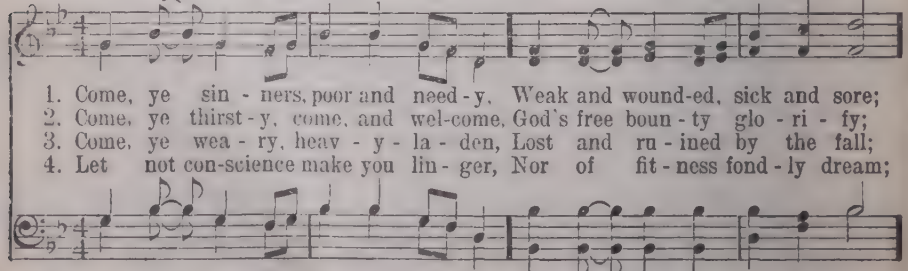
51 Oh, How I Love Jesus

(8s, 6s.)

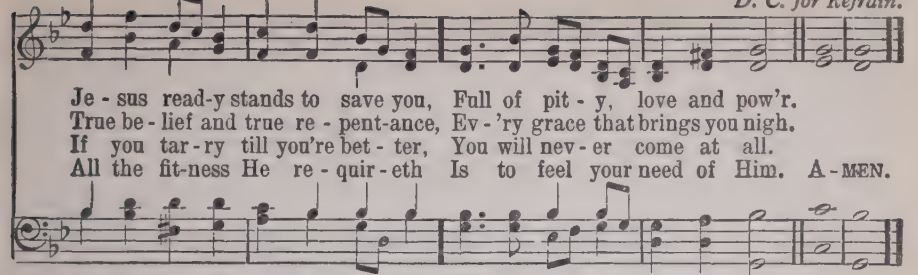

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav - ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa - ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day,
4. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe,
It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre - cious blood; The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
And though I tread a dark - some path, Yields sun-shine all the way.
Who in each sor - row bears a part, That none can bear be - low.
1
2
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be-(Omit . . . . .) cause He first loved me. A-MEN.

52 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus

J. Hart, 1712–1768. (8s, 7s.) Traditional.

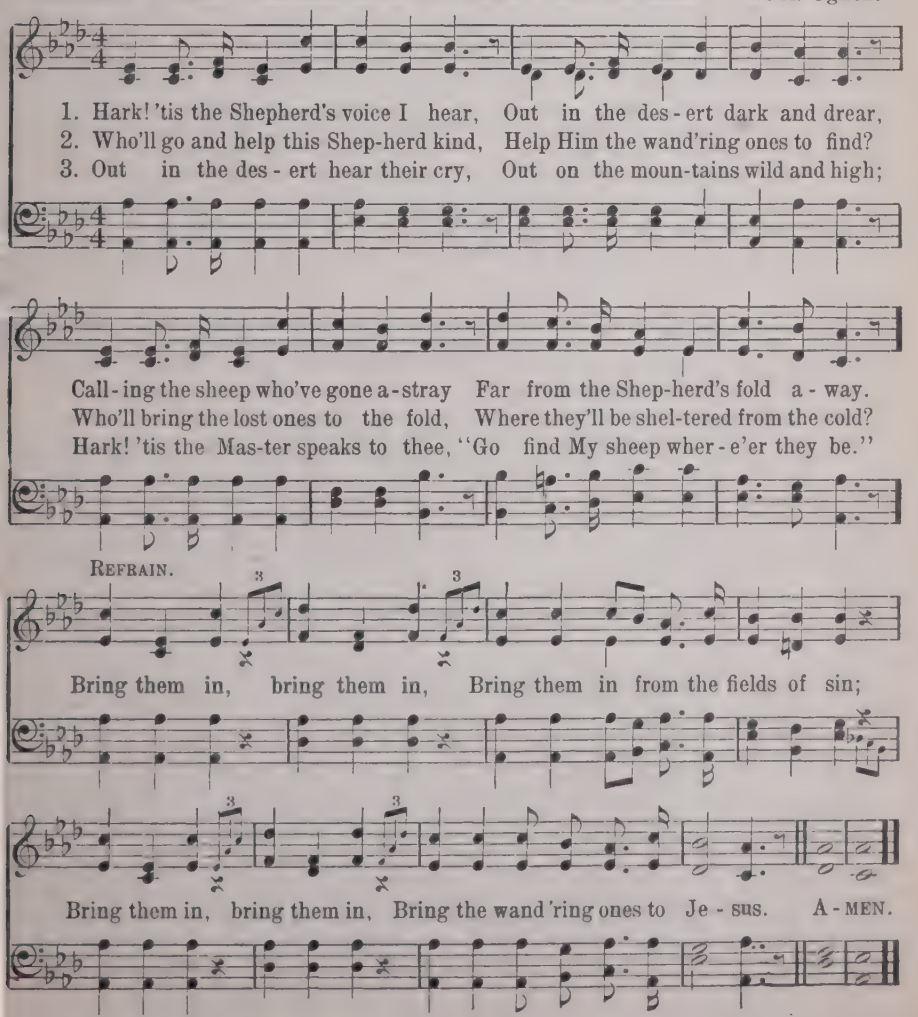

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst - y, come, and wel-come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
4. Let not con-science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
REF.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus. He will em-brace me in His arms;

D. C. for Refrain.


Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit-ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him. A - MEN.

In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, Oh, there are ten thou-sand charms.

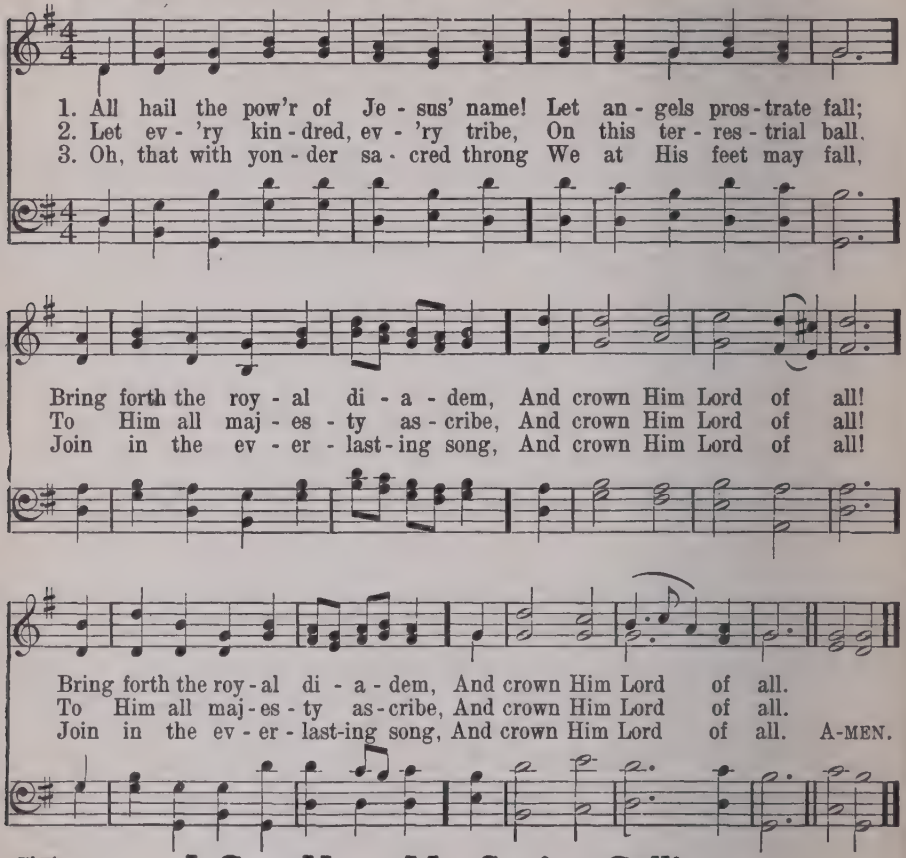
53 Bring Them In

Alexcenah Thomas. Copyright, 1885, by W. A. Ogden. Used by permission. W. A. Ogden.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the moun-tains wild and high;
Call - ing the sheep who've gone a - stray Far from the Shep-herd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find My sheep wher - e'er they be."
REFRAIN.
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus. A - MEN.

54 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

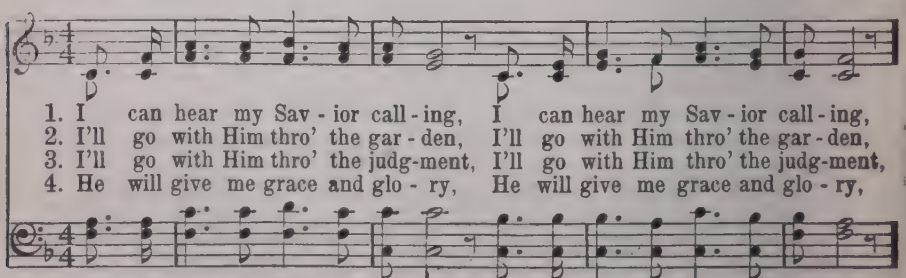
[*Second Tune*]

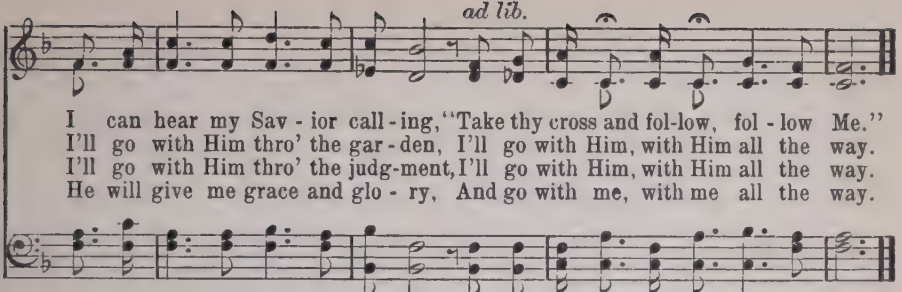
Edward Perronet, 1779. (CORONATION. C. M.) Oliver Holden, 1793.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
Join in the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
Join in the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

55 I Can Hear My Savior Calling

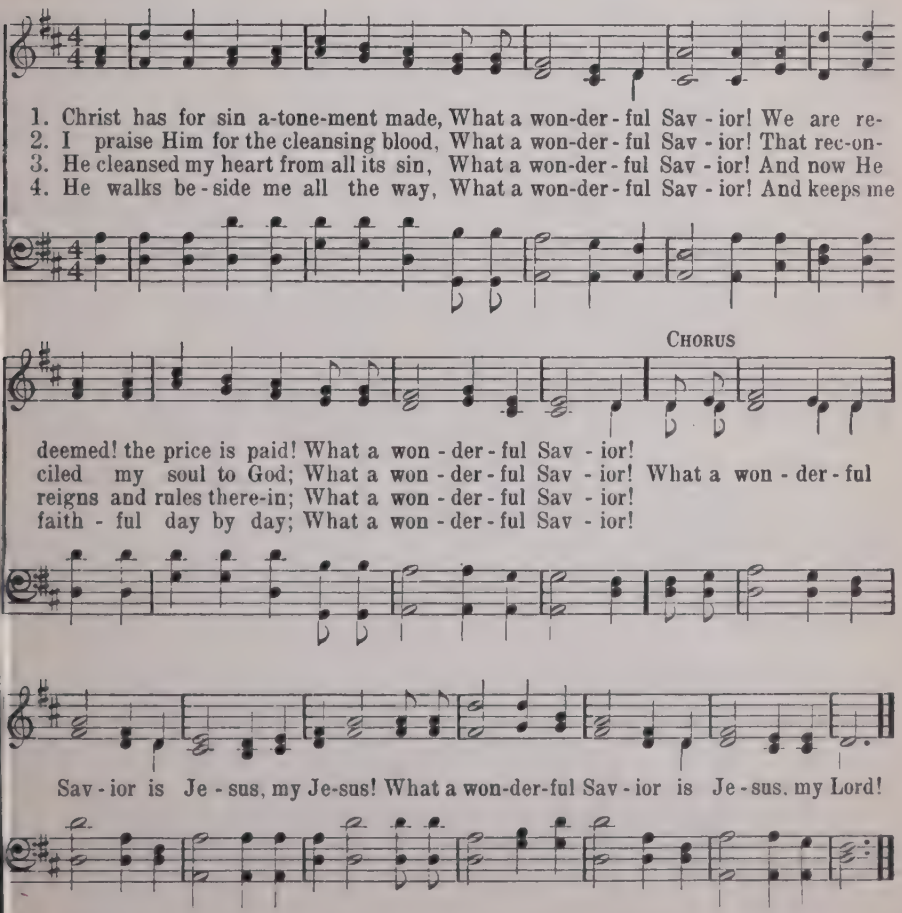
E. W. Blandly. J. S. Norris.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
D. C.–*Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,*


ad lib.
I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

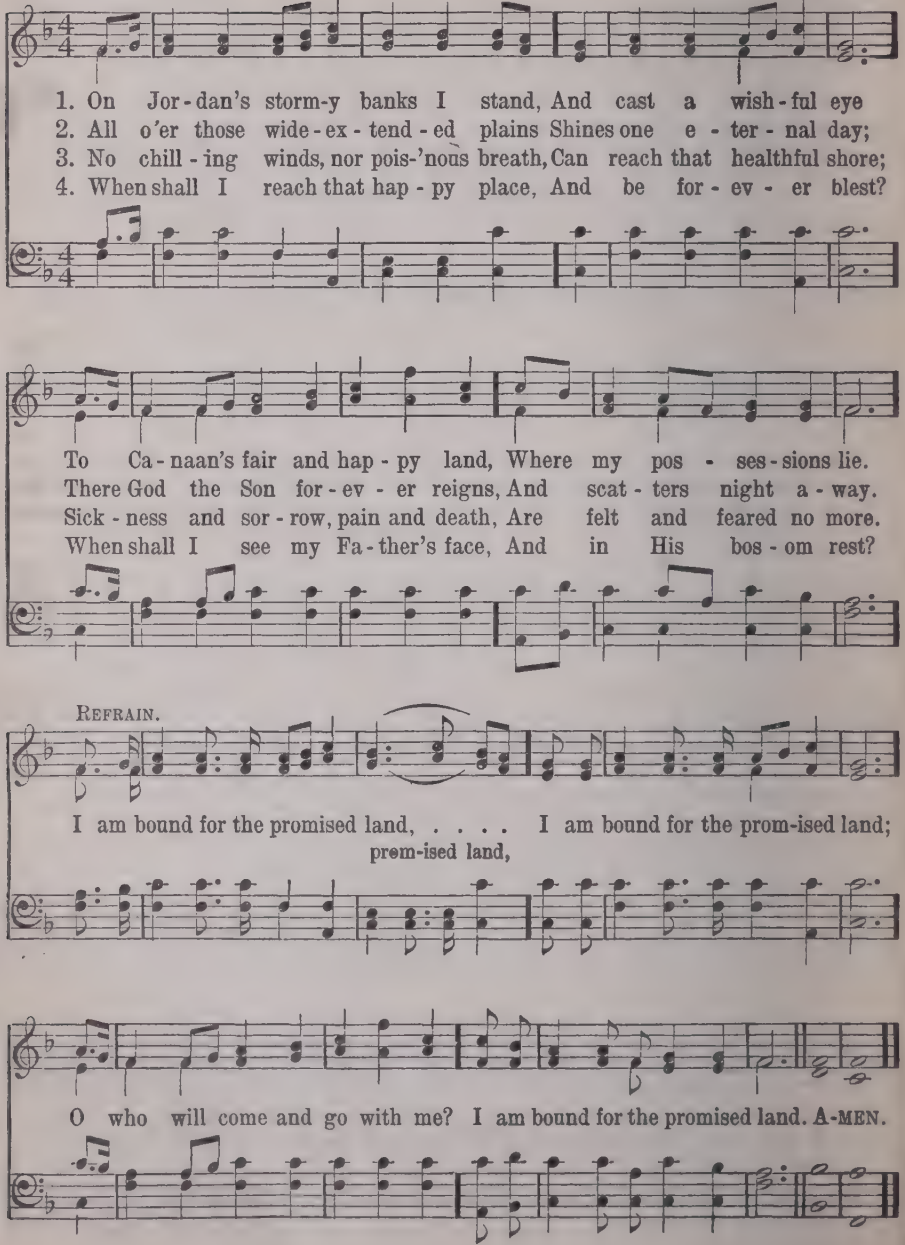
56 What a Wonderful Savior!

E. A. H. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior! We are re-
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior! That rec-on-
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior! And now He
4. He walks be - side me all the way, What a won-der - ful Sav - ior! And keeps me
CHORUS
deemed! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior! What a won - der - ful
reigns and rules there-in; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
faith - ful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!
Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Je-sus! What a won-der-ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Lord!

57 On Jordan's Stormy Banks

[*First Tune*]

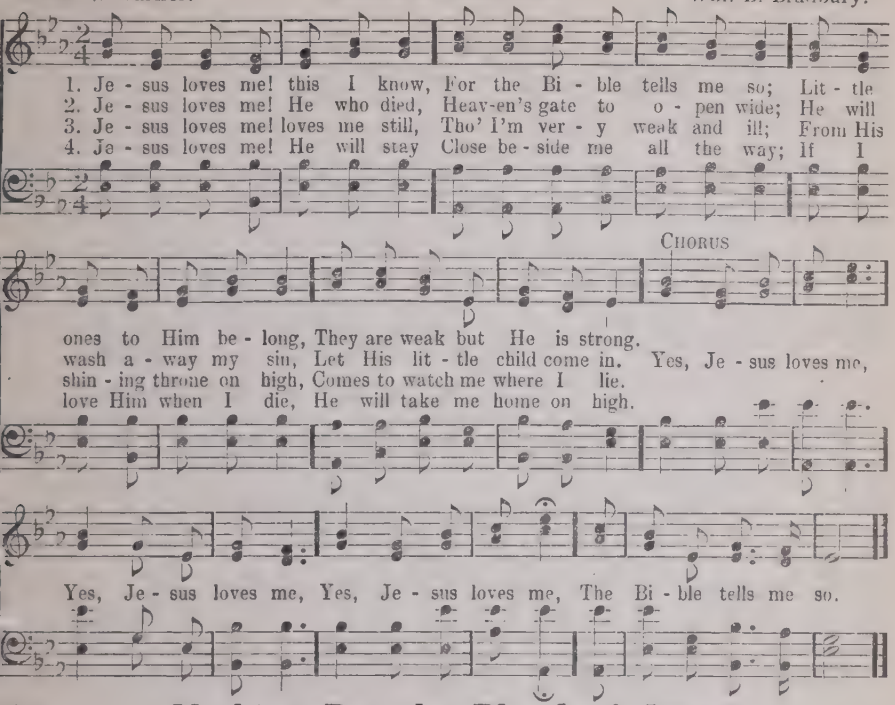
Samuel Stennett. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois-'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?
REFRAIN.
I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the prom-ised land;
prom-ised land,
O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land. A-MEN.

58 Jesus Loves Me

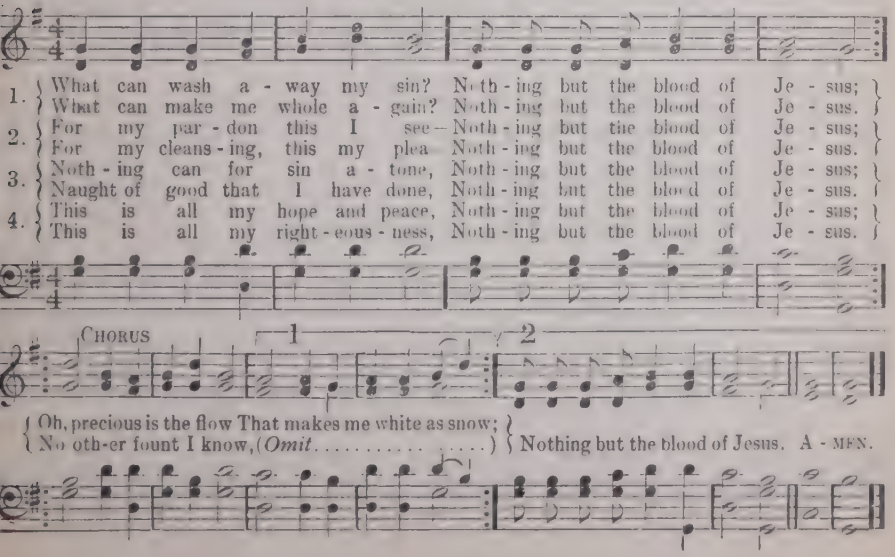
(The favorite Hymn of China.)

Anna L. Warner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I
CHORUS
ones to Him be - long, They are weak but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je - sus loves me,
shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.
Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

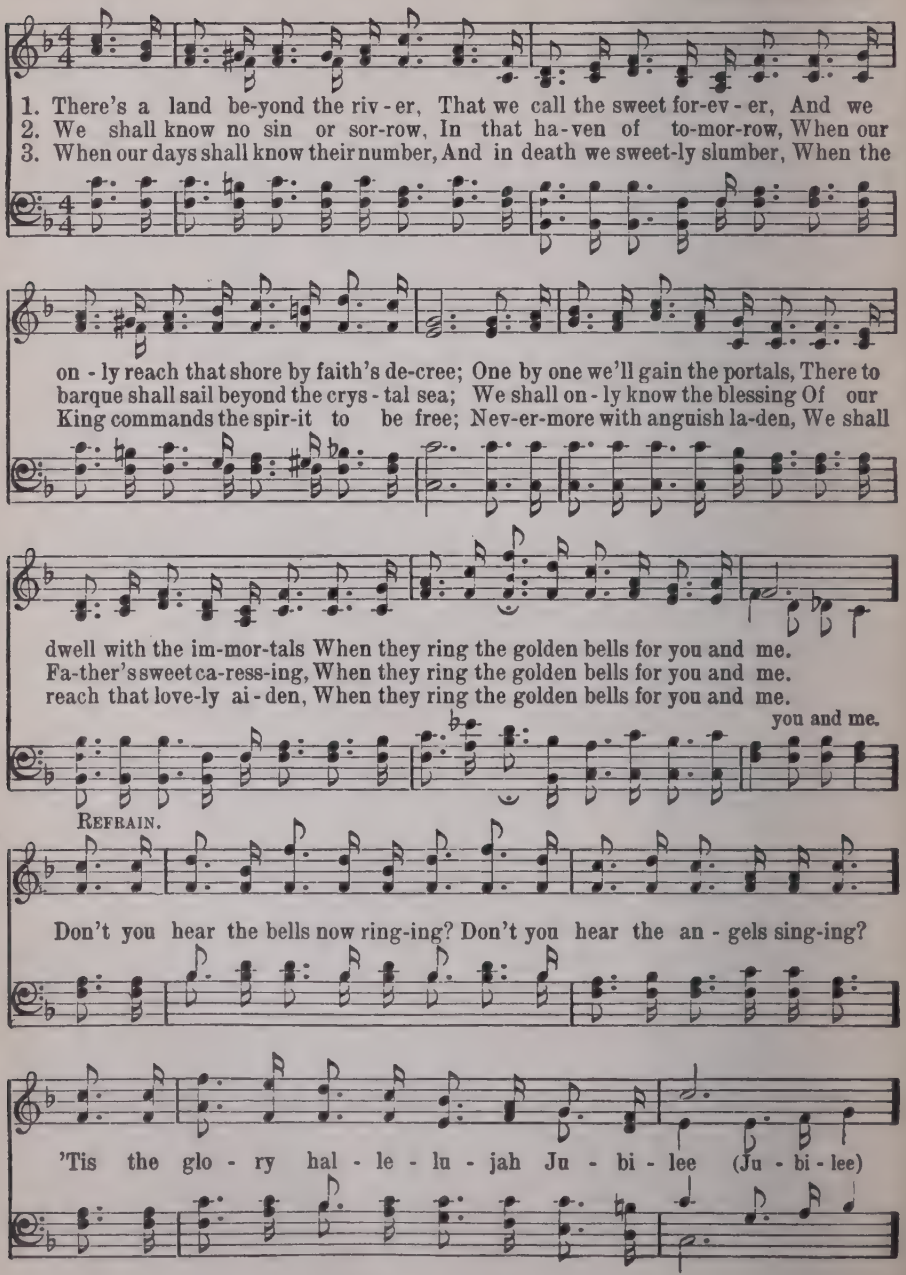
59 Nothing But the Blood of Jesus

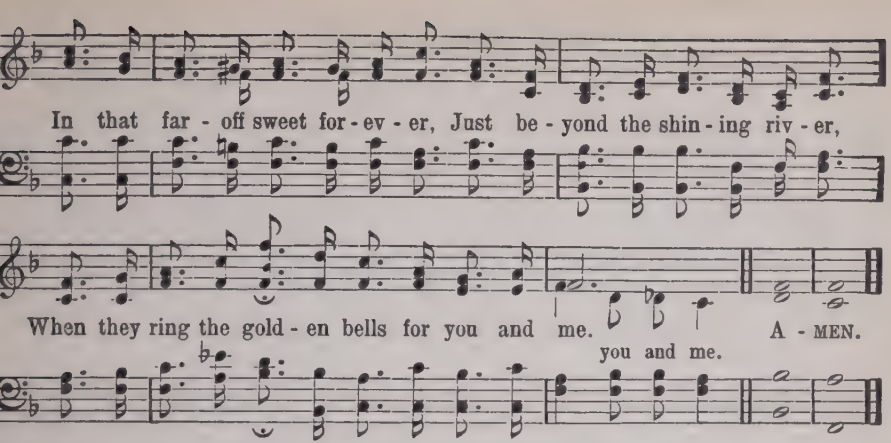
R. L. Copyright, 1899, by Robert Lowry. Renewal. By per. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me whole a - gain? Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
2. For my par - don this I see— Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
For my cleans - ing, this my plea Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
Naught of good that I have done, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
4. This is all my hope and peace, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus;
This is all my right - eous - ness, Noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus.
CHORUS
1
2
Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth-er fount I know, (Omit.....)
Nothing but the blood of Jesus. A - MEN.

60 When They Ring the Golden Bells

Dion De Marbelle.

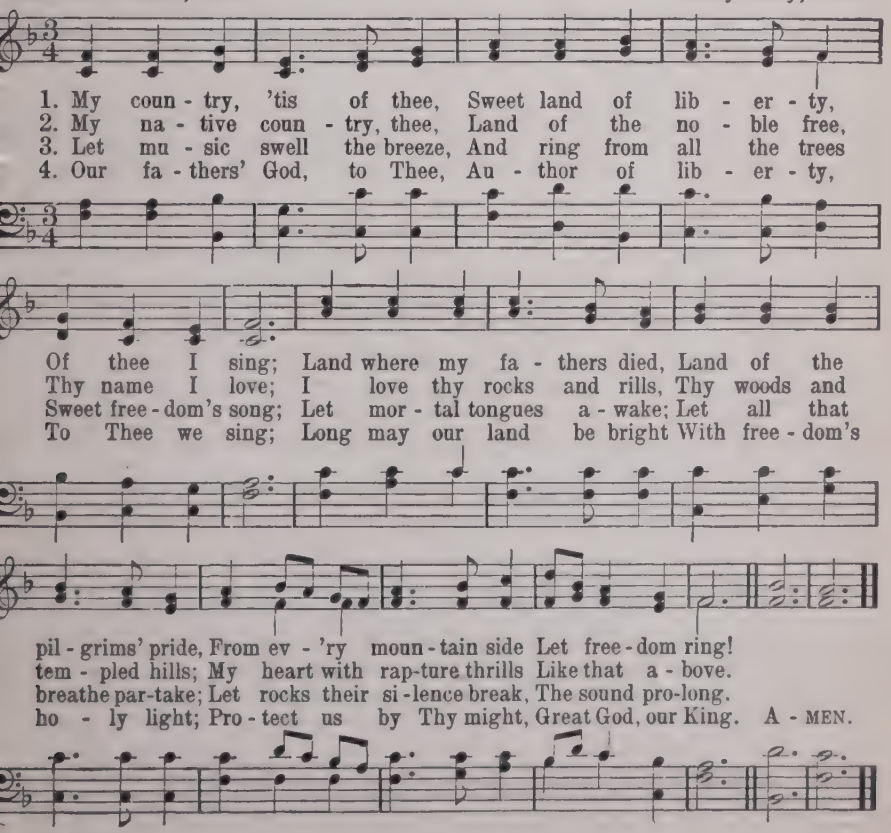

1. There's a land be-yond the riv - er, That we call the sweet for-ev - er, And we
2. We shall know no sin or sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweet-ly slumber, When the
on - ly reach that shore by faith's de-cree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the crys - tal sea; We shall on - ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall
dwell with the im-mor-tals When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Fa-ther's sweet ca-ress-ing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai - den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
you and me.
REFRAIN.
Don't you hear the bells now ring-ing? Don't you hear the an - gels sing-ing?
'Tis the glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah Ju - bi - lee (Ju - bi - lee)



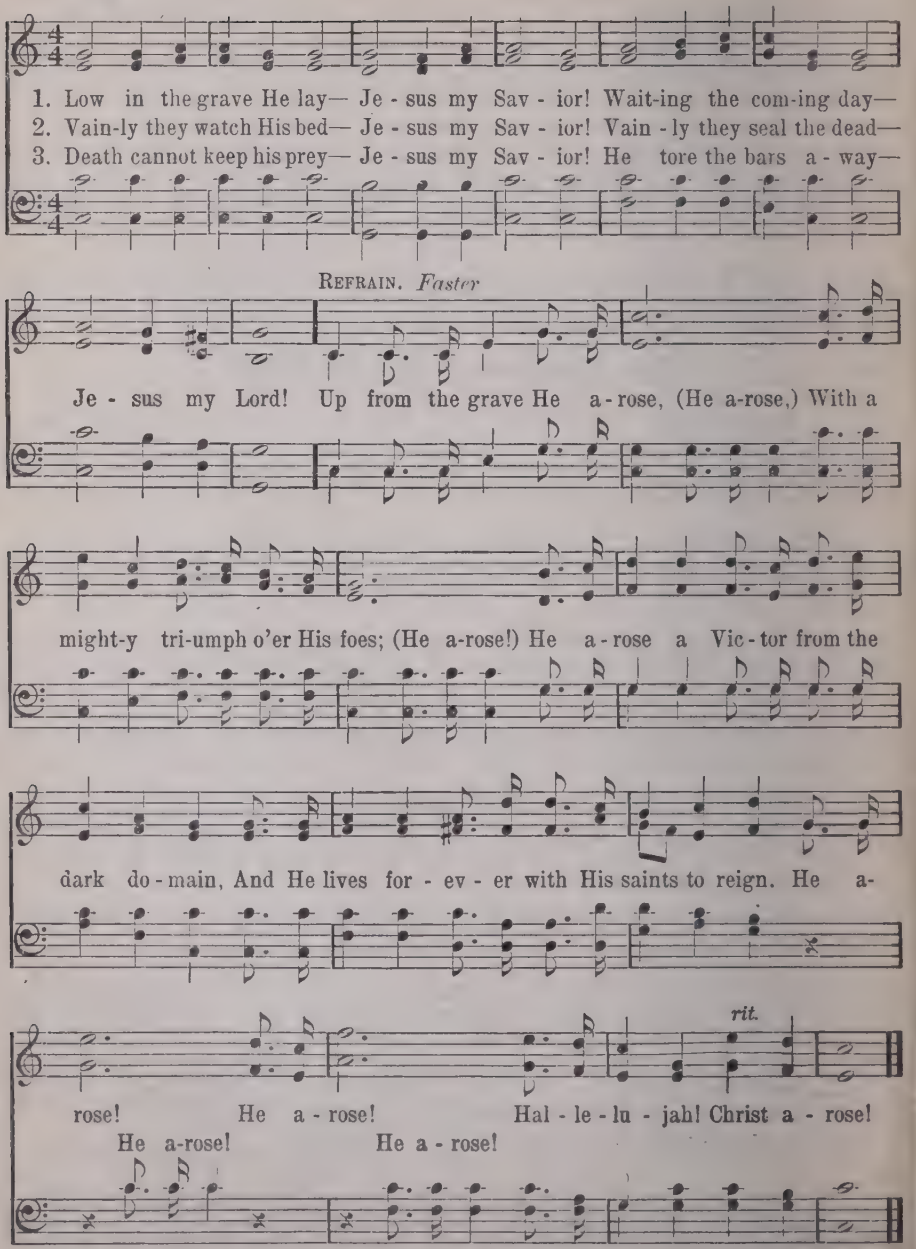
61 My Country, 'Tis of Thee

(AMERICA. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.)

Samuel F. Smith, 1832. Henry Carey, 1740.


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King. A - MEN.

Christ Arose

Robert Lowry. Robert Lowry.

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav - ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed— Je - sus my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je - sus my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a - way—
REFRAIN. Faster
Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a
might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a-rose!) He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a-
rit.
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a-rose! He a - rose!

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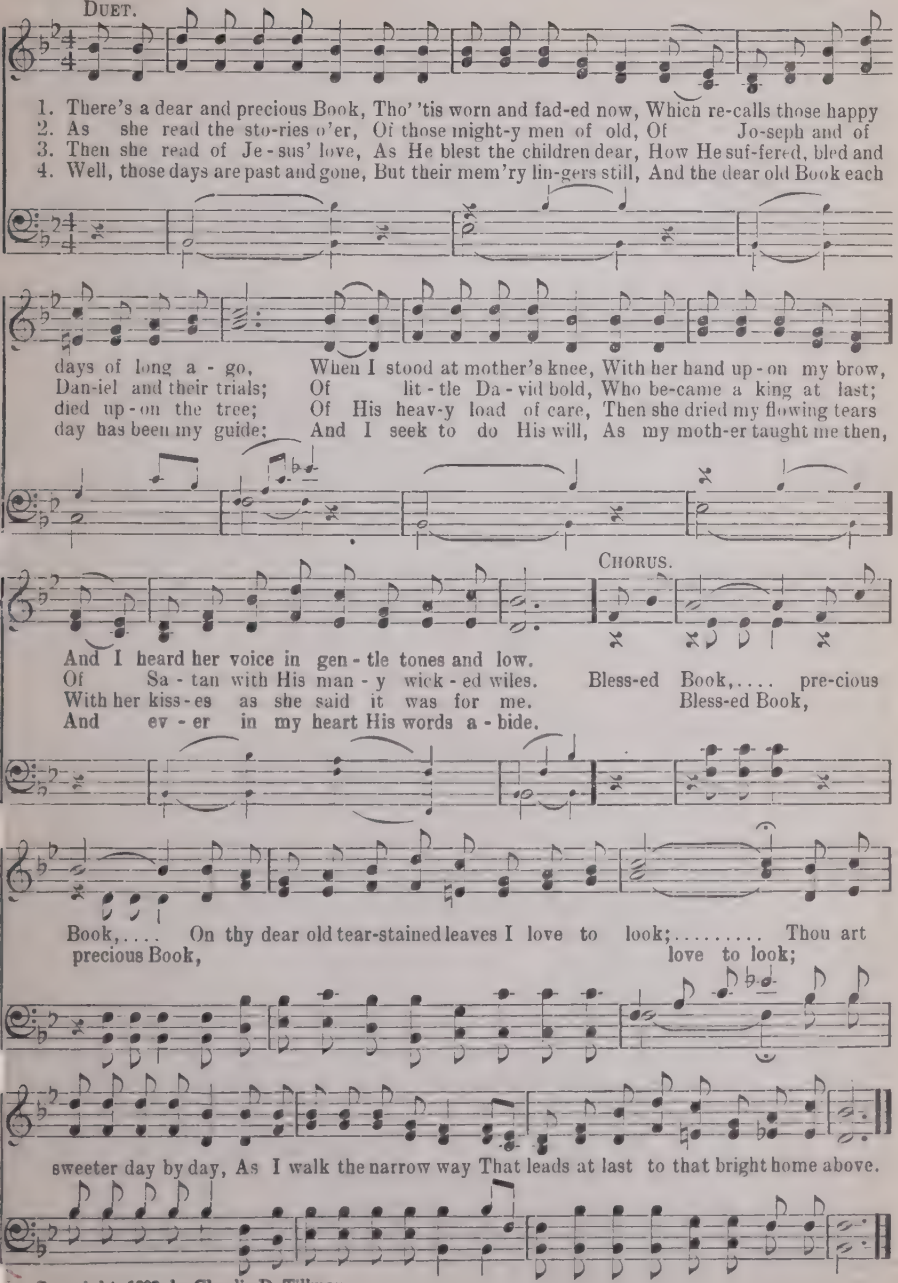
63 My Mother's Bible

Rev. M. B. Williams. Rev. Charlie D. Tillman.

DUET.


1. There's a dear and precious Book, Tho' 'tis worn and fad-ed now, Which re-calls those happy days of long a - go, When I stood at mother's knee, With her hand up - on my brow,
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old, Of Jo-seph and of Dan-iel and their trials; Of lit - tle Da - vid bold, Who be-came a king at last;
3. Then she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He suf-fered, bled and died up - on the tree; Of His heav-y load of care, Then she dried my flowing tears
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lin-gers still, And the dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will, As my moth-er taught me then,
CHORUS.
And I heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low.
Of Sa - tan with His man - y wick - ed wiles.
With her kiss - es as she said it was for me.
And ev - er in my heart His words a - bide.
Bless-ed Book,.... pre-cious Book, Bless-ed Book,
Book,.... On thy dear old tear-stained leaves I love to look;..... Thou art precious Book, love to look;
sweeter day by day, As I walk the narrow way That leads at last to that bright home above.

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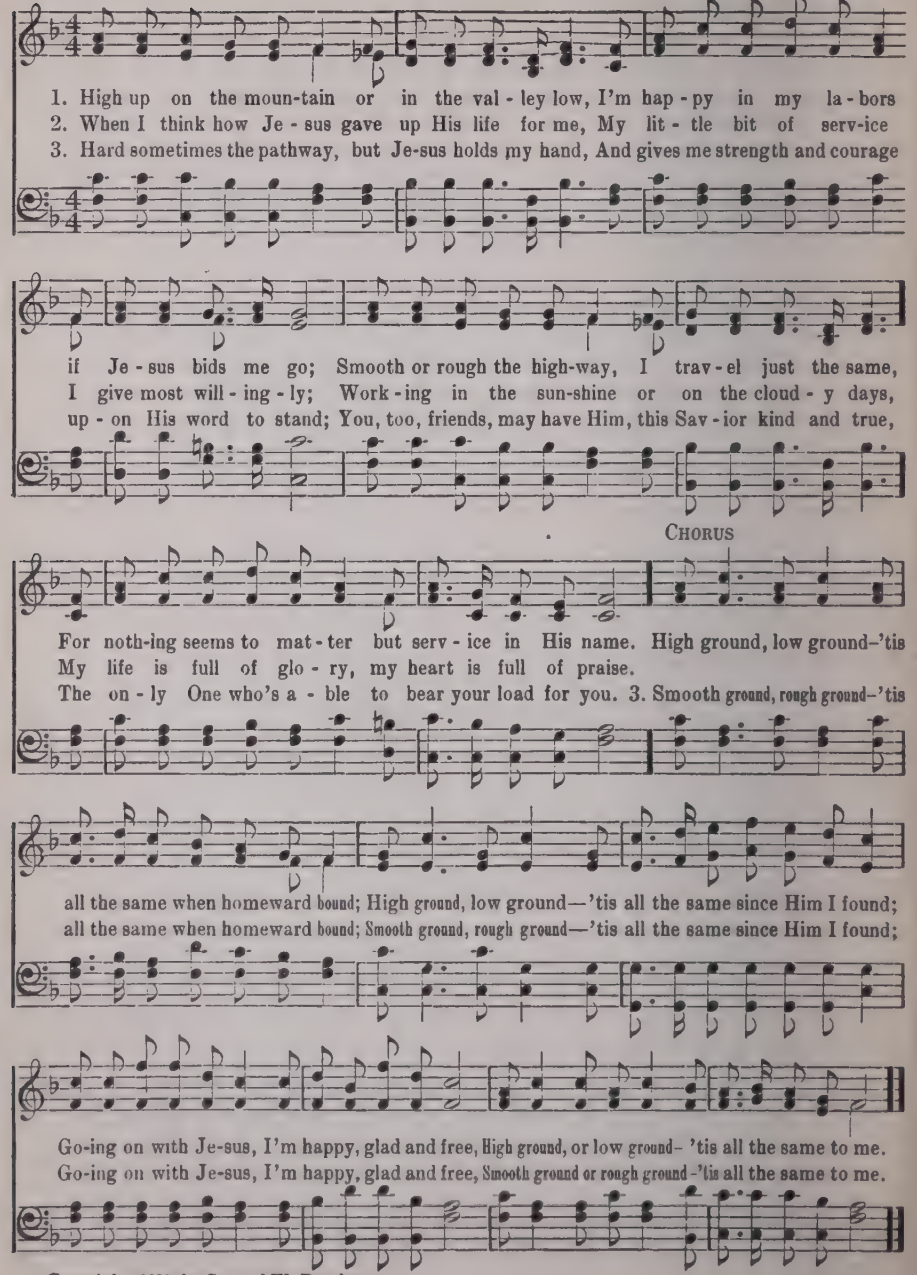
64 High Ground, Low Ground

Carol King. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. High up on the moun-tain or in the val - ley low, I'm hap - py in my la - bors
2. When I think how Je - sus gave up His life for me, My lit - tle bit of serv-ice
3. Hard sometimes the pathway, but Je-sus holds my hand, And gives me strength and courage
if Je - sus bids me go; Smooth or rough the high-way, I trav - el just the same,
I give most will - ing - ly; Work - ing in the sun-shine or on the cloud - y days,
up - on His word to stand; You, too, friends, may have Him, this Sav - ior kind and true,
CHORUS
For noth-ing seems to mat - ter but serv - ice in His name. High ground, low ground–'tis
My life is full of glo - ry, my heart is full of praise.
The on - ly One who's a - ble to bear your load for you. 3. Smooth ground, rough ground–'tis
all the same when homeward bound; High ground, low ground—'tis all the same since Him I found;
all the same when homeward bound; Smooth ground, rough ground—'tis all the same since Him I found;
Go-ing on with Je-sus, I'm happy, glad and free, High ground, or low ground– 'tis all the same to me.
Go-ing on with Je-sus, I'm happy, glad and free, Smooth ground or rough ground -'tis all the same to me.

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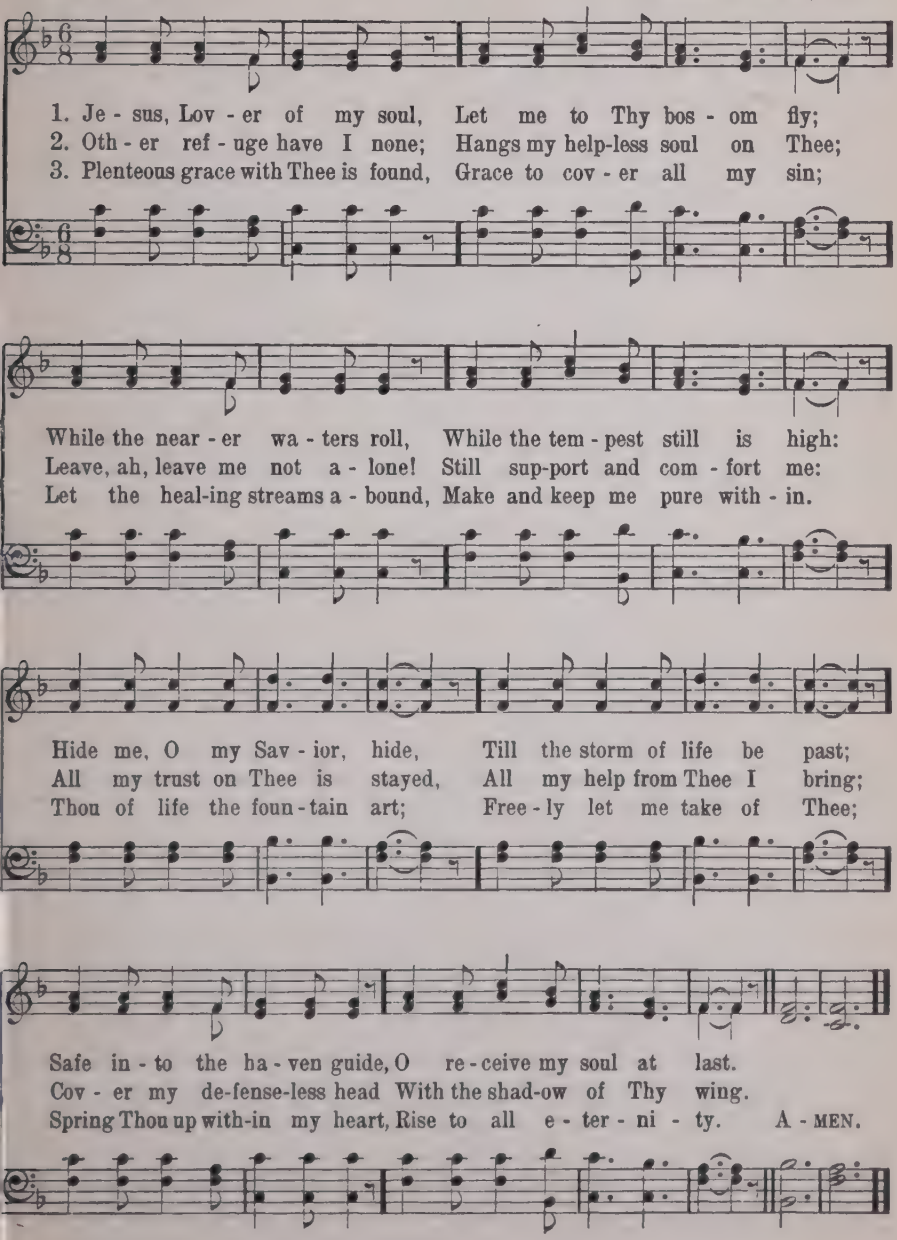
65 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

[Second Tune]

(MARTYN. 7s. D.)

Charles Wesley, 1740. Simeon B. Marsh, 1834.

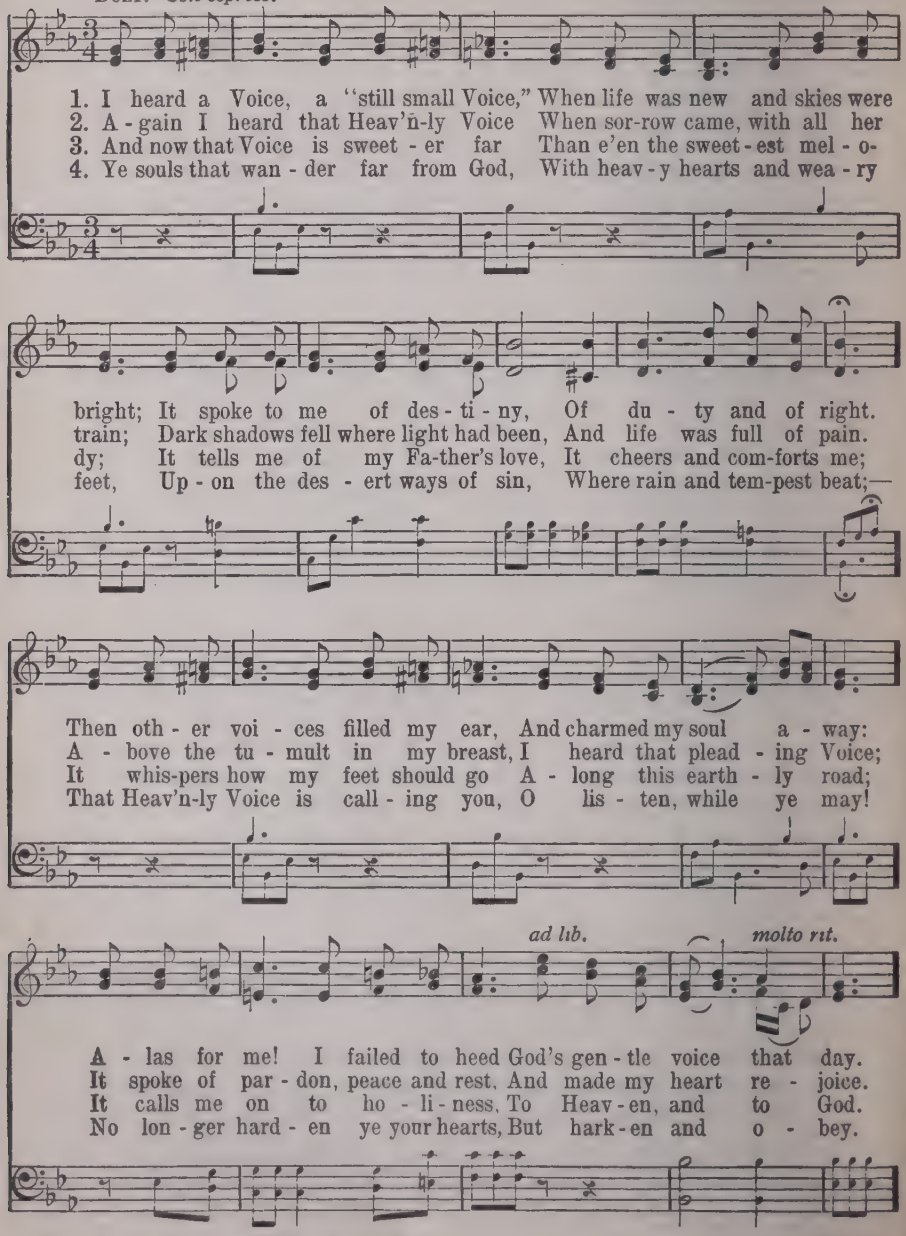

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly;
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone! Still sup-port and com - fort me:
Let the heal-ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

The Still Small Voice

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. 3: 15.

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

DUET. *Con espress.*


1. I heard a Voice, a "still small Voice," When life was new and skies were
2. A - gain I heard that Heav'n-ly Voice When sor-row came, with all her
3. And now that Voice is sweet - er far Than e'en the sweet - est mel - o-
4. Ye souls that wan - der far from God, With heav - y hearts and wea - ry
bright; It spoke to me of des - ti - ny, Of du - ty and of right.
train; Dark shadows fell where light had been, And life was full of pain.
dy; It tells me of my Fa-ther's love, It cheers and com-forts me;
feet, Up - on the des - ert ways of sin, Where rain and tem-pest beat;—
Then oth - er voi - ces filled my ear, And charmed my soul a - way:
A - bove the tu - mult in my breast, I heard that plead - ing Voice;
It whis-pers how my feet should go A - long this earth - ly road;
That Heav'n-ly Voice is call - ing you, O lis - ten, while ye may!
ad lib.
molto rit.
A - las for me! I failed to heed God's gen - tle voice that day.
It spoke of par - don, peace and rest, And made my heart re - joice.
It calls me on to ho - li - ness, To Heav - en, and to God.
No lon - ger hard - en ye your hearts, But hark - en and o - bey.

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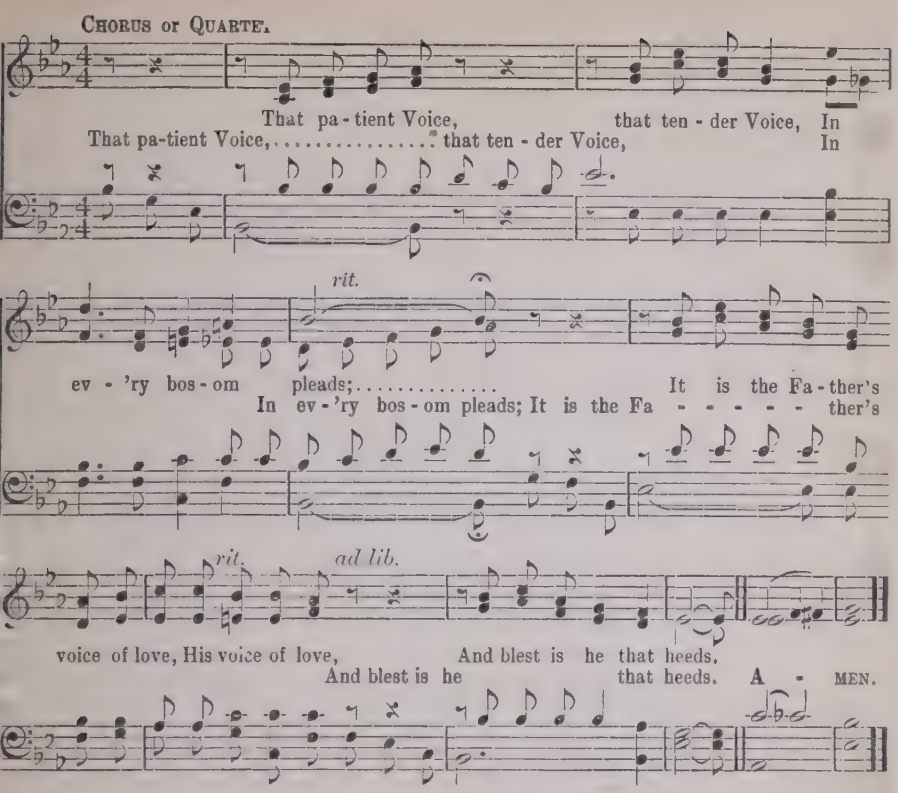
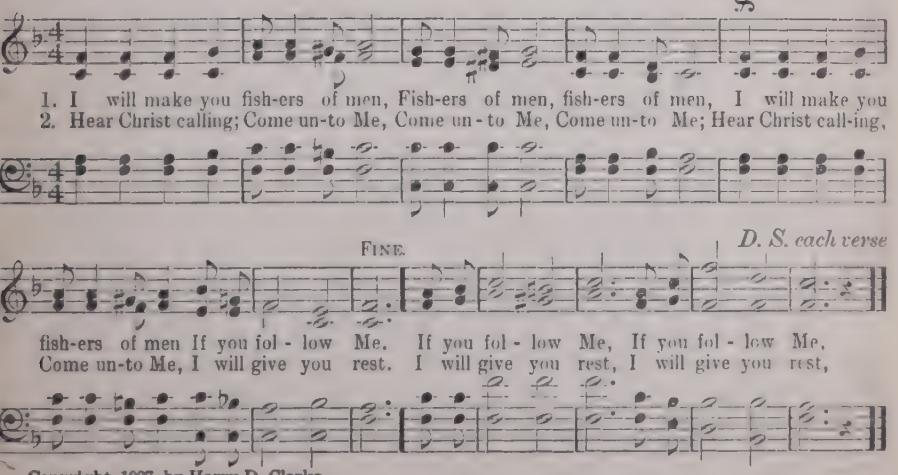

Chorus or Quartet.
That pa-tient Voice, that ten-der Voice, In
That pa-tient Voice, that ten-der Voice, In
rit.
ev-'ry bos-om pleads; It is the Fa-ther's
In ev-'ry bos-om pleads; It is the Fa - - - - - ther's
rit.
ad lib.
voice of love, His voice of love, And blest is he that heeds.
And blest is he that heeds. A - men.

67 Fishers of Men

Harry D. Clarke.

Harry D. Clarke.
Har. by Talmage J. Bittikofer.


1. I will make you fish-ers of men, Fish-ers of men, fish-ers of men, I will make you
2. Hear Christ calling; Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me; Hear Christ call-ing,
Fine.
D. S. each verse
fish-ers of men If you fol-low Me. If you fol-low Me, If you fol-low Me.
Come un-to Me, I will give you rest. I will give you rest, I will give you rest,

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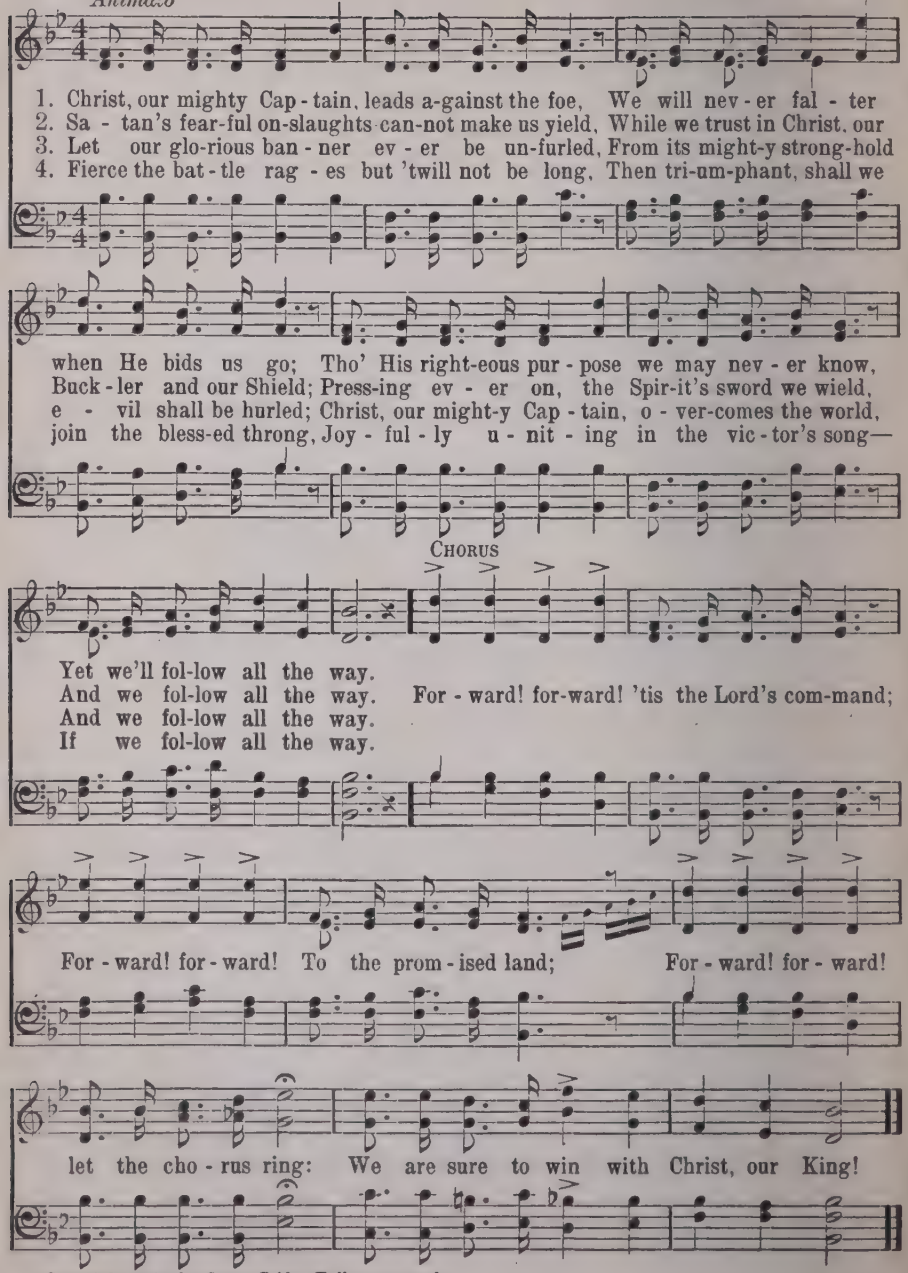
Forward!

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Grant Colfax Tullar.

Animato


1. Christ, our mighty Cap - tain, leads a-gainst the foe, We will nev - er fal - ter
2. Sa - tan's fear-ful on-slaughts can-not make us yield, While we trust in Christ, our
3. Let our glo-rious ban - ner ev - er be un-furled, From its might-y strong-hold
4. Fierce the bat - tle rag - es but 'twill not be long, Then tri-um-phant, shall we
when He bids us go; Tho' His right-eous pur - pose we may nev - er know,
Buck - ler and our Shield; Press-ing ev - er on, the Spir-it's sword we wield,
e - vil shall be hurled; Christ, our might-y Cap - tain, o - ver-comes the world,
join the bless-ed throng, Joy - ful - ly u - nit - ing in the vic - tor's song—
CHORUS
Yet we'll fol-low all the way.
And we fol-low all the way. For - ward! for-ward! 'tis the Lord's com-mand;
And we fol-low all the way.
If we fol-low all the way.
For - ward! for - ward! To the prom - ised land; For - ward! for - ward!
let the cho - rus ring: We are sure to win with Christ, our King!

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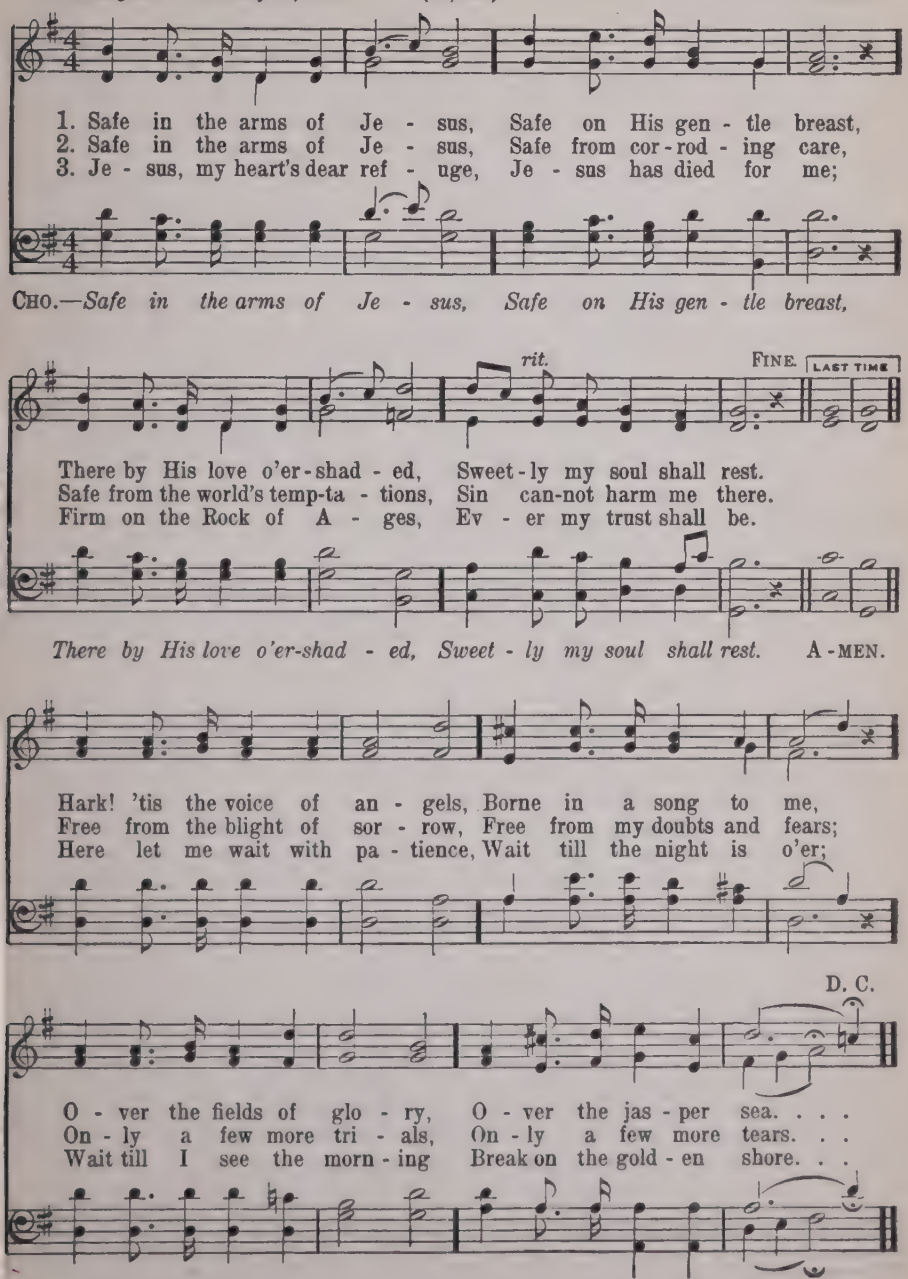
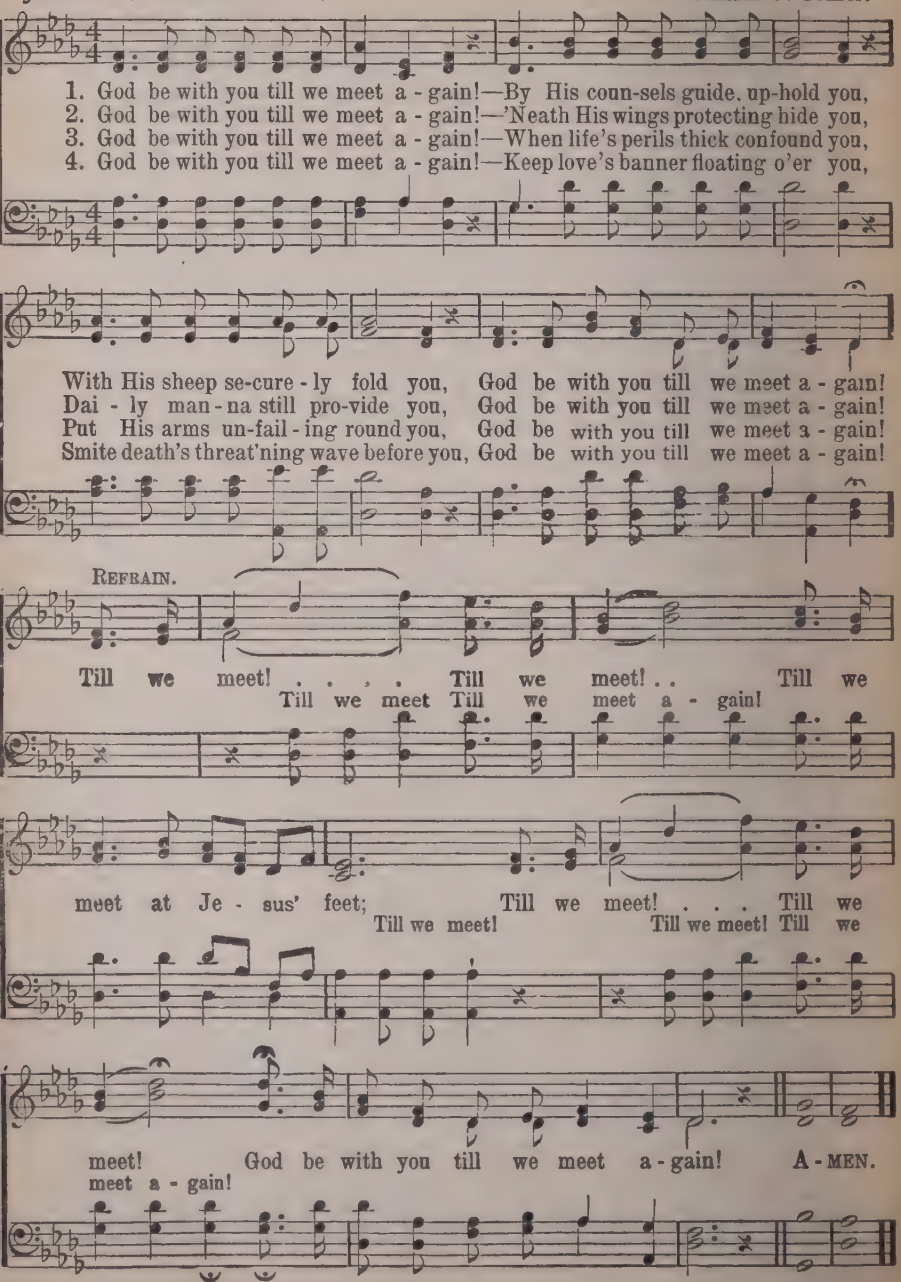
Safe in the Arms of Jesus

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1868. (7s, 6s.) W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;
CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
rit.
FINE.
LAST TIME
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.
There by His love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. A - MEN.
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;
D. C.
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears. . .
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore. . .

God Be With You!

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—ROMANS. 16: 20.

Jeremiah E. Rankin. William G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Put His arms un-fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
REFRAIN.
Till we meet! . . . Till we meet! . . Till we
Till we meet Till we meet a - gain!
meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet! . . . Till we
Till we meet! Till we meet! Till we
meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain! A - MEN.
meet a - gain!

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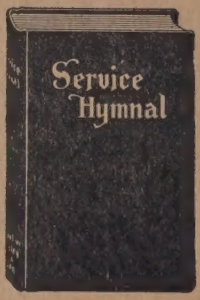

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